THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIII.—No. 1210

FEBRUARY 23, 1927

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The BYSTANDER

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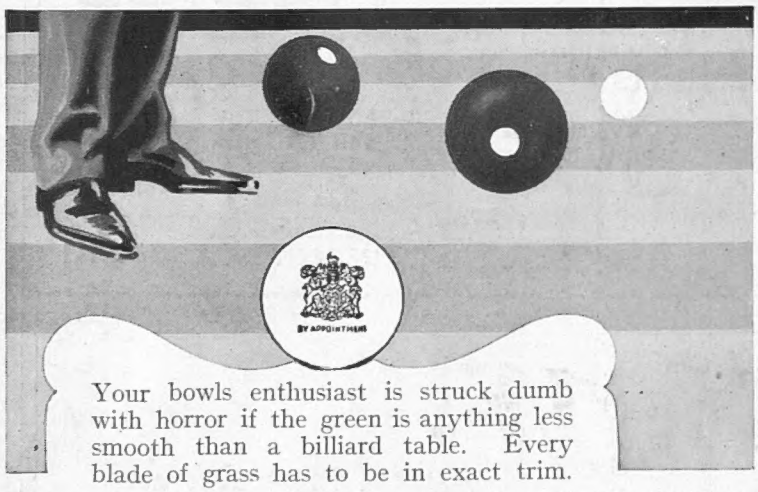

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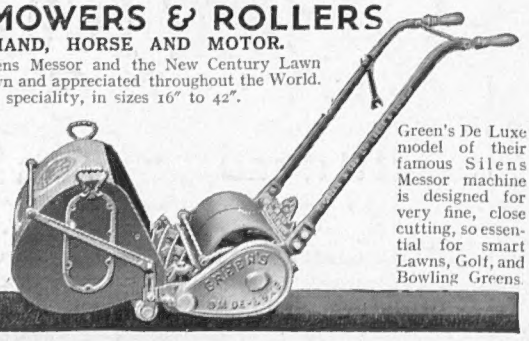

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The Bystander, February 23, 1927 No. 1210. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

BY W. S. HUTTON

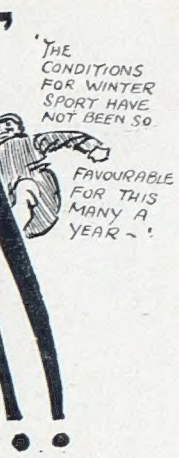
"MA POUPÉE FRANÇAISE"

"Coo-ee-e-e!" and "Tinakoi!"

BY DAVID WILSON

"DOWN UNDER" GREETS VISITORS OF "RENOWN"!

"BYSTANDER" COMMENTS



Crossing the Channel

THE conditions for "winter sporting" have not been so favourable for this many a year, but the Englishman, being a creature of habit, is hitting the homeward trail, leaving lots of lovely snow behind him. Finding myself stampeded with the rest, I walked into last week's Channel fog, and, while we sat outside the harbour, the talk fell on Channel crossings we had known.

Grave and Gay

THERE is an interesting volume to be written on this same strip of salt water that separates our island from the Continent. Most of us, I suppose, have memories, grave and gay, of its activities, and a symposium of these would make lively reading. Some writer, with a researchful turn of mind, might tell us if William of Normandy had a smooth crossing. I think he must have had, or he would never have been in a fit condition to defeat Harold at Hastings.

The Basic Idea

SIR ARTHUR PINERO, of course, immortalised this silver streak—I have heard it called worse names—in his play, *Mid-Channel*. The basic idea of that story was, I believe, that there is a moment in the crossing when life becomes a little more trying than usual. I never cross on a rough day without speculating on the exact position of that particular spot. Sometimes it seems to advance its position until it meets you the moment the good ship pokes her nose outside Dover Harbour.

Back Again

THE last time I sat next to T. C. Lowry, the old Cambridge cricketer, was at the Oval a day or two before he set sail for his home in the far Antipodes. At that time he had very little hope of getting back with a visiting team, but now I see that he will be with us again this summer, as a member of the New Zealand XI. We shall welcome him for his engaging personality and his bright cricket.

A Double Event

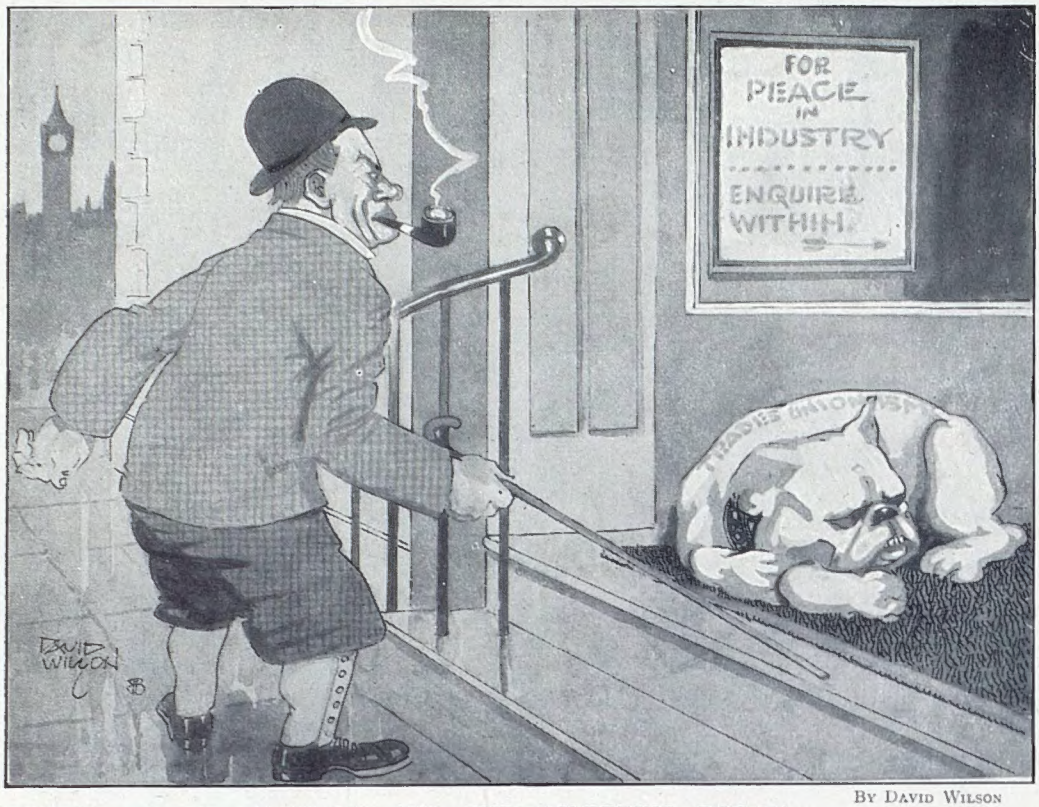
I HAVE missed Gilbert Miller on his recent flying visits to this country, though I saw a lot of him when he ran that nice little house in South Street, and introduced us to Judy Abbott, the heroine of *Daddy Long-Legs*. I was therefore interested to read in my morning paper that he had been simultaneously honoured in France for his services to the French drama and arrested in New York for producing a play that was, shall we say? no better than it ought to be. A rather comic double event this!

Hard to Bear

LEADING ladies love the limelight, but some of them have been getting a little too much of it just lately. As a rule, their little oddities are confined to the back of the stage and the manager's office, but now that they have started airing their personal grievances in the daily papers we shall all be able to join in the fun. That is where the theatre scores over the cinema—film stars have to keep their temperaments tucked away in Los Angeles, and that must be very hard to bear.

A Theatre Guild

ROBERT ATKINS rang me up just now to say that he was starting his great adventure, the Forum Theatre Guild, at the Royalty Theatre on the 28th of this month, the first play to be produced being a new comedy by C. K. Munro. All good Bystanders should rally round this new movement at a time when the London stage is being handed over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the American invader. A policy of short



By David Wilson

STANLEY—AND THE "SLEEPING DOG!"

runs is to be observed, and early subscribers will enjoy preferential treatment.

Ghostly Hosts

Although some five months must elapse before we see the next Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo, I took a recent opportunity to get some particulars from Major-General Sir Percy Hambro, who is Chairman of the Committee. During the past few months the sylvan glade in which last June ghostly Saxons fought unavailingly against a horde of equally ghostly Norman invaders has been invaded by another less ghostly host—of bricklayers—engaged in enlarging the grand stand at Rushmoor.

A Welcome Revival

Sir Percy Hambro told me that, at the conclusion of the Tattoo of 1925, the Committee was asked on every hand to repeat that glorious rendering of Tschaikowsky's "1812," which, to music lovers, held more of allure than any other item on the programme. Following a repetition of those requests last year, the Committee has determined to present again, but with far grander accessories and surroundings, the great symphonic poem, which at Aldershot alone can be produced amid sufficiently dramatic surroundings.

"A Famous Victory"

Another spectacle of the Tattoo will be the Battle of Blenheim, where the Duke of Marlborough fought against superior and victorious forces, that engagement sealing the fate of Europe no less surely than did the later Battle of the Aisne. In the spectacle of Blenheim, to be presented during Ascot Week, over a battalion and a half of British infantry and four detachments of British cavalry will re-enact certain scenes, dressed in old-time uniforms and with old-time cannon and muskets.

A Naval Picture

Photographs are just to hand of the presentation to President Coolidge of Charles Bryant's great picture of the United States Battle Fleet in Sydney Harbour. The painting was the outcome of a movement initiated by leading citizens of Sydney, under the chairmanship of His Excellency the Governor, and the work of the artist is well known in London, where he resided for many years.

Suzanne and Co.

It is curious that not a single sporting writer, so far as I am aware, discussed the possibility of Mr. C. C. Pyle abandoning professional tennis, thereby leaving the members of his "circus" high and dry. It is a point which, one would have thought, would have occurred to the pundits, and it is possible that Suzanne and Co. might have thought twice about relinquishing their amateur status for a four months' run—however profitable.

After the Event

Naturally, we can all be wise after the event. Quite a lot of well-known people rushed into print immediately the news was known, with their: "I have always held the view——," "I was not at all surprised——," and "It was obvious from the first——"; but the fact remains that the present curious deadlock was not anticipated by the leading theorists. And they spilled much ink between them!

Our Moribund Theatre

The other day Mr. Basil Dean, who ought to have known better, publicly stated that the theatre was doomed. I do not suppose there has been a day since the time of Og's Performing Mastodons when pessimistically minded persons have not said the same thing. That sort of person has invariably said that sort of thing. I am prepared to wager that in the spacious days of great Elizabeth gloomy people groaned "The stage is practically dead."

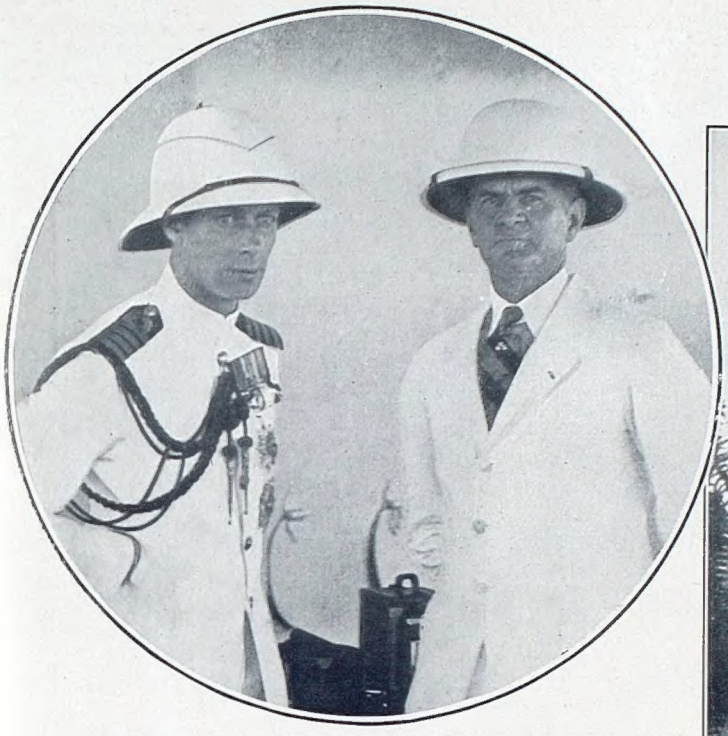
"Nothing is Here For Tears"

As a matter of fact, the exact opposite is true. The theatre of our day has produced a greater quantity of high-level plays than any other. An age that has produced a Shaw, a Galsworthy, and a Barrie, not to mention a Maugham and a Milne, can hold up its head in any company. It can look the whole world in the face. Not in any period between Shakespeare and Sheridan, or from Sheridan up to Shaw, has anything been brought to light that could hold a candle to *Saint Joan* or *Dear Brutus*. So that's that.

A "Mystery" Number

The topic in Fleet Street during the past week has been the "mystery" number of the *Graphic*, which will appear in reorganised form at the end of this week. One particular contribution—an interview with Signor Mussolini—will certainly be provocative. Other contributors include Edgar Wallace, Mary Borden, Arthur Weigall, and J. B. S. Haldane (author of "Dædalus, or Science and the Future"), who gives his ideas on how this old little world will ultimately end.

Royalty in the Panama Canal Zone



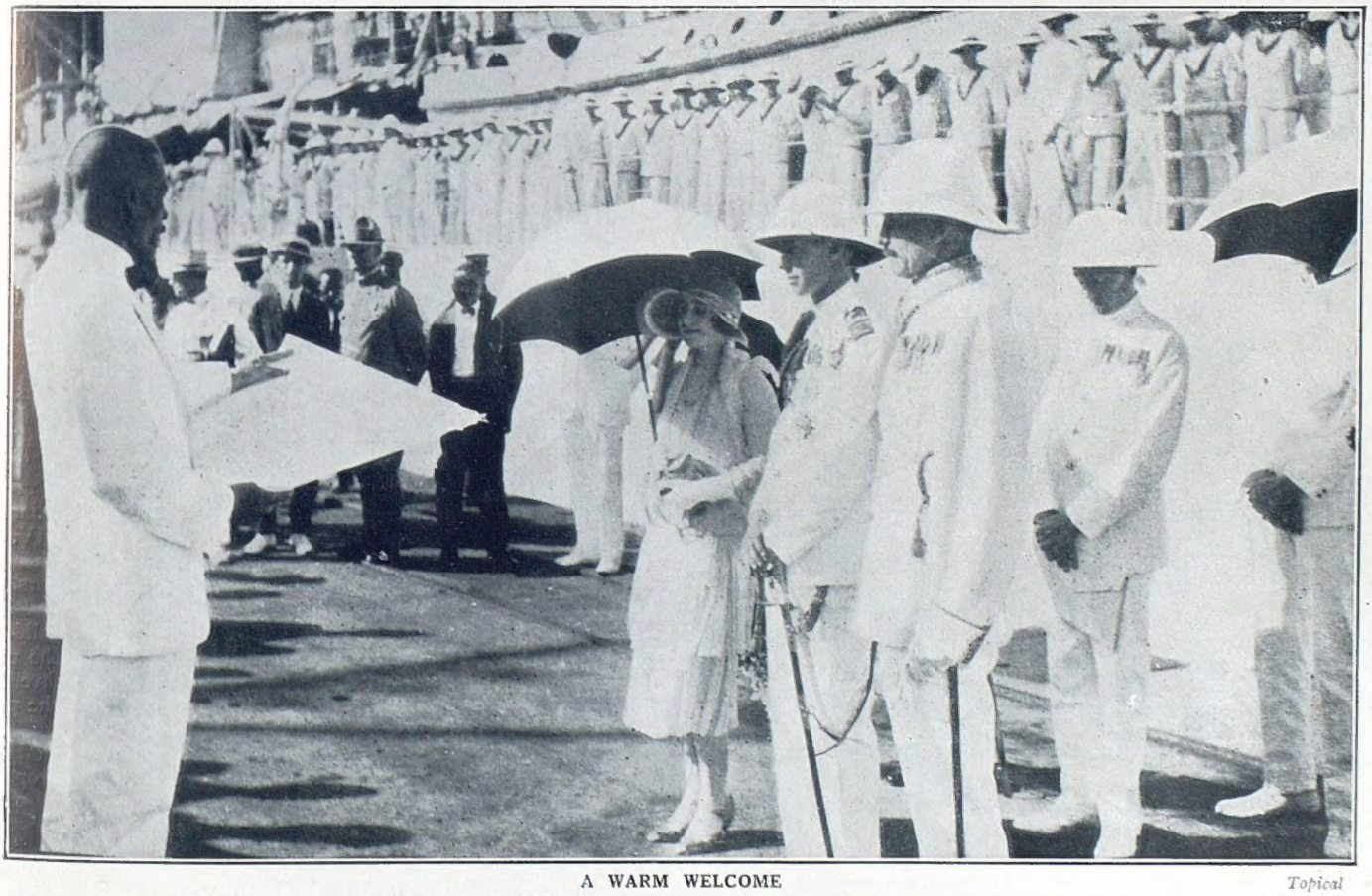
ON BOARD *N.P.A.*

The Duke of York photographed on board H.M.S. Renown with Colonel M. L. Walker, who paid an official visit to Their Royal Highnesses. The Colonel is the Governor of the Canal Zone

The passage of Their Royal Highnesses through the Panama Canal was marked by many scenes of cordial welcome in the different districts traversed. The Duke and Duchess are due in the Antipodes this week

IN MEXICO *P. and A.*

The Duke and Duchess of York at the Presidential residence in Mexico City. They are accompanied by Colonel Chiari, who acted as their guide during their visit to this place



A WARM WELCOME *Topical*

A member of the West Indian Delegation reading an address of welcome to the Duke and Duchess of York in the brilliant sunshine at Colon. The crew of H.M.S. Renown can be seen manning ship in the background

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

IN CAPE TOWN *Topical*

The Earl of Athlone, the Governor-General of South Africa, taking the salute on arriving to open the South African Parliament at Cape Town. Princess Alice is seen standing on his right

The Belgian Royal Visit

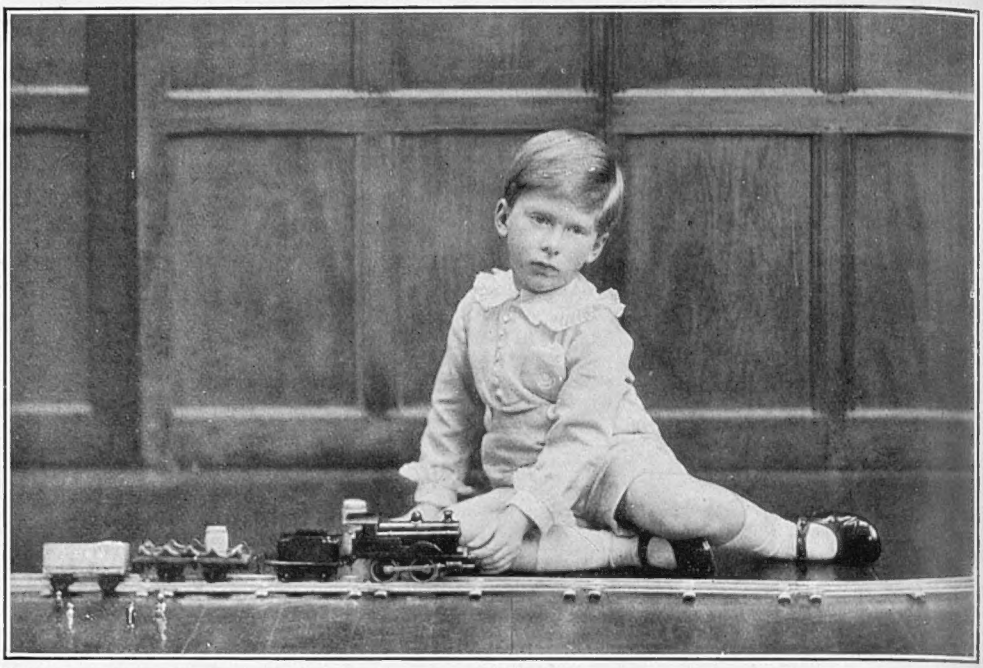
In many matters reigning sovereigns are less fortunate than their subjects. For example, if we have foreign relations there is no let or hindrance to our asking them to stay in our houses when they come on a visit to this country.

The King, if his visiting foreign relations are sovereigns, cannot extend the hospitality which any of his subjects would give under the same circumstances. Foreign sovereigns, no matter what their relationship to the King may be, only stay at Buckingham Palace on State visits. Who laid down the protocol, or when it was laid down, I do not know, but sovereigns never pay private visits to one another

They may pay private visits to London, as the King and Queen of the Belgians did last week, but they cannot be asked to Buckingham Palace for such a visit, because when a foreign sovereign stays at the Palace it constitutes a State visit. This is why foreign sovereigns visiting London privately always go to an hotel. The King and Queen of the Belgians, who came over to see the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House, stayed at Claridge's. They lunched at Buckingham Palace, and went with the King and Queen afterwards to the Royal Academy. After they had returned to the hotel from Burlington House the King and Queen paid them a visit.

This, too, is according to the protocol. Sovereign heads of States must return the visits of other sovereign heads as soon as possible. Usually it is within half an hour. But the inspection of the Flemish pictures by the two Kings and the two Queens came immediately after the luncheon at Buckingham Palace.

The King and Queen of the Belgians were the first European sovereigns to go up in an aeroplane, and they intended to fly to London from Brussels, but the thick fog made the air way impossible. And Queen Elizabeth, that dauntless and intrepid lady of the War, I am told, was the first royal lady to have her hair shingled.



GROWING UP *Speaight*

A charming study of the Hon. George Henry Hubert Lascelles, the elder son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. He was four years old on February 7

T. Brittain

WITH THE GUIDES IN SOUTH AFRICA

A group of officers of Girl Guides who were present at a recent rally in Johannesburg. The photograph shows, in the front row, Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief Guide (left), Mrs. MacKeillie, Chief Guide of the Transvaal Province, H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and Mrs. Fulford, Chief Commissioner for Natal

On Both Sides

The King and King Albert are third cousins, the Belgian monarch being a grandson of Queen Victoria's "beloved uncle," Leopold I, whom the Belgians elected to be their King when their country was separated from Holland in the 1830s.

No prince of an obscure royal house to-day could have the possibility of such a romance as that which befel Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. In these times the European stage is differently "set." Handsome, with a fine figure, he was chosen by Princess Charlotte, the only child of George IV, and heiress to the throne, as her husband out of a swarm of suitors. He was a wise and devoted husband. His wife's death in child-birth snatched from his hands the power that would undoubtedly have come to him if she had lived—the power behind the throne.

And yet, by one of those odd shakings of the dice of Fate, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg became a strong power, and happily for this country, a beneficent and wise power, behind the throne. His sister married the Duke of Kent and became Queen Victoria's mother. You have only

to read the Queen's letters to realise his influence, and how much she leant on his advice. Then he sent her his nephew and her cousin, Prince Albert.

I daresay a good many of you good folk will fall upon me, but I always contend, and I always shall, that but for the stream of letters from her uncle to Queen Victoria and her husband, our history would be very different from what it is to-day. Over and over again his advice saved the young Queen from putting herself in difficult situations.

Going down to the bed rock of things, root and cause, Leopold I of the Belgians created the Victorian era in England. He trained his Queen-niece and his nephew, the Prince Consort, in the duties to their position and to the Queen's people.

We dismiss that era as being "stuffy." In fact, "Victorian" has become an adjective of belittlement. Yet in that era the British Empire came into being!

The King and King Albert of the Belgians are both related to the Hohenzollerns. The King, through his aunt, the Empress Frederick, is a cousin of the ex-Kaiser. King Albert's relationship is with the senior branch of the family, his mother having been a Princess of the Hohenzollerns of Sigmaringen. The junior branch of the Hohenzollerns became Kings of Prussia.

The King of Roumania was born a Hohenzollern Prince of the Sigmaringen branch, and because of his birth was chosen to succeed his uncle, King Carol, also a Hohenzollern of Sigmaringen.

News Illus.

The Duke of Norfolk (left) with Major and Mrs. Gosling

Central News

Miss D. Crawley (left), the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, the Hon. Verena Maxwell and Mr. Fox-Strangways

AN OXFORD 'CHASING DAY

A round with the camera of the New College and Magdalen CollegePoint-to-Point Steeplechases. They were held at Oddington, near Islip

News Illus.

The Hon. W. W. Astor

Topical

Lt.-Col. M. Beckwith-Smith (Judge), Capt. K. G. W. Shennan, the Hon. Mrs. G. Emmet and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell

Topical

A group including Miss Harris, Lord Waleran, Mr. Uthwatt, Miss Diana Selby-Lowndes, Miss Greenlees, Mr. Morrison, Miss Campbell, Miss Harris, Miss Hulton, Mr. Mott, Miss Primrose Harley and Mr. Shaw-Kennedy

Vandyk

A RECENT BRIDE

Mrs. S. J. Ritchie, who was married last week at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, to Mr. S. J. Ritchie, of the Seaforth Highlanders. Mrs. Ritchie was formerly Miss McLaughlin

Bertram Park

A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT

Miss Livingston Learmonth, of Stuckeridge, Bampton, North Devon, who is to marry Mr. E. H. Deacon. Mr. Deacon is in the Dragoon Guards

Vandyk

A SPORTSMAN'S FIANCÉE

Miss Dulce Muriel Hebb Morrison, the only daughter of Mrs. John Hebb Morrison. She is to marry Mr. Samuel Hulme Day, who plays football for the Corinthians and cricket for Kent

Leeds Castle

LEEDS CASTLE, near Maidstone, which stands on two islands in a moat of almost lake-like dimensions, after being in the Wykeham-Martin family for several generations has now been sold. It has been in the market for some time. The purchasers are Mr. and Mrs. Wilson-Filmer, a young couple both comfortably endowed with this world's goods.

Mr. Wilson-Filmer is the son and heir of Colonel Stanley Wilson, and therefore a relation of my Lord Nunburnholme. When his mother's brother, Sir Robert Filmer, was killed in the War, Mr. Wilson-Filmer inherited a fortune and took the additional surname of Filmer. Sir Robert was the last baronet, and in buying Leeds Castle his nephew is returning to his uncle's county, for the old Filmer house, East Sutton Place, is not very far away.

Mrs. Wilson-Filmer is a daughter of Lord Queenborough by his first marriage, and inherited considerably from her mother, an American heiress, who as Mrs. Almeric Paget—Lord Queenborough did not receive his peerage until after her death—was a noted hostess. For some months past Mr. and Mrs. Wilson-Filmer have been renting Sir Cuthbert Quilter's beautiful place, Bawdsey Manor, near Felixstowe, which is said to have some of the best shooting in Suffolk. The Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia and his wife, Princess Illinsky, spent the early part of their honeymoon there last November, the Princess being an old friend of Mrs. Wilson-Filmer.

Bassano

MISS EVERELD ADELA INNES-HOPKINS

Who is to marry Mr. Frederic Archibald Parker, the younger son of Prebendary the Hon. Archibald and Mrs. Parker. She is the daughter of the late Capt. J. R. Innes-Hopkins and Mrs. T. S. Manning, of Lennox Gardens, S.W.

Hay Wrightson

MISS PAMELA ARTHUR

The only daughter of the Hon. James Cecil Arthur, Lord Glenarthur's heir. She is engaged to Mr. Jack Drummond Rudd, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rudd, of Kimberley

Alterations and History

BIG alterations and extensive redecorations are to take place, I hear, at Leeds Castle. So long ago as the reign of Edward II there was a castle on the two islands of the big moat, and the story goes that Queen Isabella, wife of that weak-kneed monarch, on her way to London from Dover after a visit to France, stopped at the Castle and sought lodging for the night for herself and her attendants. The wife of the then owner, in her husband's absence, refused the Queen admission, causing the great gateway to be barred and bolted, and likewise, if history is to be believed, making very rude remarks about Isabella's moral character from an upper window.

Isabella was not the woman to stand that sort of thing. She was Queen-Consort of England and a "daughter of France." So the gateway of Leeds Castle was battered down by her attendant archers and its inhospitable mistress seized and carried off to London, where she was clapped into the Tower to meditate upon the tactlessness of saying rude things to her Sovereign's wife.

Leeds Castle is surrounded by a beautiful park. In former years, before heavy losses came upon its owners, it was the scene of constant entertaining. It is more than probable that its ancient hospitalities will now be revived.

"The Rose of York"

REPORTS of the Duke and Duchess of York's visit to Jamaica, on their way to New Zealand and Australia, are enthusiastic in their appreciation of the Royal travellers. So popular did the Duchess become during the three days' visit that the people of Kingston now speak of her as "the Rose of York."

Kingston has no town hall, the old one having been destroyed by a fire following upon an earthquake some twenty

years ago. So the official reception of the Duke and Duchess took place in a theatre, the Royal visitors, the Governor, and all the high officials of the Colony being upon the stage. The Duchess wore a rose-coloured dress and hat, and carried a sunshade to match; hence, combined with "the natural charm of her manner" and "the sunny brightness of her smile," the charming title given her by the Kingston people.

And now the *Renown*, after passing through the Panama Canal and touching at Honolulu, is approaching New Zealand, where Auckland will have the honour of being the first to welcome the Royal visitors.

The Duke is taking a special gift from the King to the people of Australia. This is exact replicas of the boxes which stand on the table of the House of Commons, to be placed on the table of the new Australian House of Parliament at Canberra after it is opened by the Duke as representing the King.

Central News

AN ORATORY WEDDING

Mr. R. Derwent Hawker, second son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hawker, of Cromer, leaving Brompton Oratory with his bride, Miss G. M. Bellingham. The latter, who is the only daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Edward and Lady Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth, is a niece of the Marchioness of Bute

Things to Remember

On Monday, March 14, the Queen will be present at a matinée at the Princes Theatre in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, S.E.18. Miss Sybil Thorndike will appear in a new play by Lady Bell called *Angela*. Then on Tuesday, March 1, a ball and cabaret are to be given at the Hyde Park Hotel under the auspices of the British Empire Union. The tickets are a guinea, including supper, and Bridge tables will be provided. You can get your tickets from the British Empire Union, 180, Piccadilly, W.1.

Lenare

A WEDDING TRIO

Mrs. Robert Gordon photographed with her two pages, Masters W. Dugdale and E. Loyd, after her marriage to Capt. Robert Wolrige Gordon, M.C., at Christ Church, Chelsea. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert Walter, of Cheyne Place, Chelsea

Helping the Entente

Almost pleasant and interesting institution is the Anglo-French Luncheon Club. Its members meet for luncheon once a month, when distinguished French guests are asked to meet British guests of similar interest and standing. After luncheon there are always excellent speeches. Recently General Ferrié, the French wireless authority, was the guest of honour, and told the company some really dizzying things about wireless. The subscription to the Anglo-French Luncheon Club is only a guinea a year, and if you want any further particulars about this link between intellectual Paris and intellectual London you should write to the honorary secretary, Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, 87, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Vandyk

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Clive Grantham Austin, R.H.A., and his bride, Miss Lilian Lumley, daughter of the late Brig.-General the Hon. Osbert Lumley and the Hon. Mrs. Lumley. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Central News

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Major S. Blacker, of The Guides, and his bride, the Hon. Doris Peel, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Peel

When King Carnival Reigns at Nice

ENTER HIS MAJESTY *Topical*

Escorted by a throng of gaily costumed revellers and watched by large crowds of spectators. King Carnival is seen on his triumphant progress through the palm-lined streets of Nice. The weather played up in great style, being as perfect as it was possible for it to be

Photographs

CAVALRY TO THE FORE

Mounted revellers were well to the fore in the carnival procession at Nice. Two strikingly arrayed riders are seen on their white steeds, which appear to be as docile as they are picturesque

Sport and General

THE NAUTICAL TOUCH

A valiant *matelot* triumphantly straddles his far from tame steed through the gaily decorated streets of Nice. The cars in this year's procession were masterpieces of artistic ingenuity

The Riviera Week by Week

Marc Le Noir

STAGE STARS ON THE RIVIERA

The Dolly Sisters photographed with some friends at the Battle of Flowers at Cannes. The sun was kind and favoured this annual festival with his presence

KING CARNIVAL, accompanied by a weird and motley crew and the noise of countless bands, entered his kingdom at Nice as arranged, and the pale half-moon which looked down on the proceedings from a clear sky was very insignificant compared with the blaze of tens of thousands of electric lights along the route of the great procession. The King, who is the forty-ninth of his line, is this year prominently associated with the toy industry, and the street decorations are carrying out the same idea with success. The Carnival colours are geranium pink and forget-me-not blue, and for the various balls and *veglioni* these shades are obligatory. Even the confetti used in the streets by the ton is mainly of these colours, and I can assert

AT THE RACES

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hobson discussing the events of the day. The photograph was taken at the recent race meeting at Cannes

from personal experience that it tastes if anything rather worse than last year, but looks very cheerful.

S

THE first of the Sunday processions took place in brilliant Spring weather, and highly amused the enormous crowds which had invaded Nice from all parts. On the same fine afternoon there was a record crowd at the Races at Cannes, when the biggest steeplechase of the season was one of the main attractions for students of form—and the other was a special parade of mannequins!

ALTOGETHER it was a strenuous week-end for Cannes. On Saturday morning a memorial tablet was unveiled on the ancient hostelry where Lord Brougham stayed on the occasion of his first visit to the town in 1834—an historic event which proved to be the foundation of Cannes as a British winter colony, and one well worth recording in marble. After a hasty luncheon came the first Battle of Flowers of the season, quite up to the usual standard in the quality and originality of the decorated cars, if not perhaps in quantity. The Dolly Sisters were prominent features of the parade, and threw so much of their usual vigour into the proceedings that one of them managed by accident to hurl her pearl necklace into

Sport and General

THE MORNING ROUND

Lady Stanley and Lady Maureen Stanley photographed on the links of the Cannes Golf Club at Mandelieu. The weather conditions here have been ideal for golf

ROYALTY AT CANNES

H.R.H. Princess Marina, daughter of Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, and H.H. Princess Paul of Serbia photographed in the garden of the Hôtel des Anglais at Cannes

the crowd with a bunch of flowers. Luckily it fell into the hands of a charming young English girl, who soon restored it to the agitated owner. The day ended—and Sunday began—with a big gala night at the Ambassadeurs. And yet the promenade was thronged next morning before noon, which shows what a sturdy lot of visitors we have in the town.

S

THE Cannes Country Club, still known in certain circles as the Millionaires' Club, has been particularly busy lately, and the course is now on the whole in very good shape. Among the many who have been playing there, or lunching at the delightful old clubhouse, during the past week are Prince Nicholas of Greece, Prince Paul of Serbia, the Earl of Derby—usually with a party of friends—Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith, Lord Knaresborough, Lady Clifton, General the Hon. Sir William

Lambton, the Hon. John Coke, and Mrs. Bolitho.

S

RECENT arrivals in Cannes include Lord and Lady Basing, Lady Murray—who will be joined shortly by General Sir Archibald Murray—the Countess of Carnarvon, the Hon. Lionel Montagu, and, among many newly wed couples, Lord and Lady Ashley and Mr. Basil Worthington and his bride, who was Miss Winifred Hood, and who is well known in Cannes, where she has

C. N. Daly

SITTING IT OUT

Mrs. Hargreaves photographed between games at Cannes. She is the wife of His Honour Judge Hargreaves and, like her husband, is a keen lawn tennis player

often stayed in previous years with her parents.

S

A NOVEL gala at the Ambassadeurs at Monte Carlo the other night was the one for which the restaurant had been cleverly transformed into a Hawaiian village, with straw huts, palms, monkeys, and banana trees, complete with real fruit, and many gay lanterns. The crowd comprised many distinguished guests, and everything went with a swing. The Empire Room at the Hôtel de Paris is very gay just now, especially on Sunday nights, and among those who have been dining there this week is Mrs. Alastair Cameron, who was entertaining the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith.

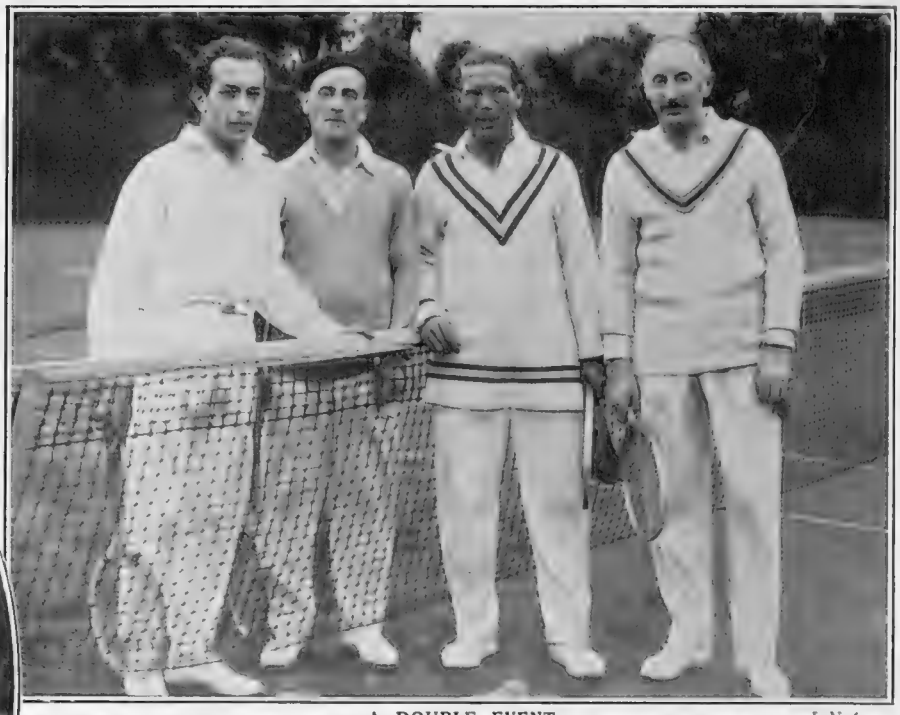
DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

S

FOR an Englishman to open a restaurant in Monte Carlo is to beard the lion in its den with a vengeance, but that it can be done with marked success has been proved by Mr. Fred Pamment. His restaurant, Pam's, on the Avenue de la Costa, is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and rightly, too, for not only are the cuisine and cellar really excellent, but the prices are remarkably moderate.

S

THE new silver grill which has been opened at the Queen's Hotel, Nice, is proving very popular. It was a good idea of Mr. John Agid, the proprietor, to establish a restaurant where one can get a "cut off the joint," a grill, or excellent *à la carte* lunch or dinner at a reasonable price. The Silver Grill adjoins the Queen's Hotel in the Bd. Victor Hugo.



L.N.A.

A DOUBLE EVENT

Players in a men's doubles match photographed on the Beaulieu Courts. The group comprises M. H. Cochet, the amateur champion (left), P. Mallet, Kozeluh, the professional champion, and Major Can

L.N.A.

IN-SHORE TACTICS

Vice-Admiral A. K. Waisteli and Admiral Sir Herbert Heath starting out for a round of golf. The photograph was taken on the first tee at Valescure

L.N.A.

AT THE NICE TOURNAMENT

Stanley Doust (left) and Miss Betty Nuthall with their opponents, Miss Lumley-Ellis and J. Brugnon. The latter pair won 6-3, 3-6, 6-3

BY JACK M. FAULKS

"ONE WAY STREET"

BIG DRUMS

By GORDON BECKLES

No. IV. C. B. COCHRAN

DOUBTING, as I do, the truth of the aphorism "the pen is mightier than the sword," I am the more inclined to agree with Mr. Cochran's version of Bulwer-Lytton's phrase.

"The pen," Mr. Cochran appears to say, in theory, "may be mightier than the sword; but it's a jolly sight mightier than the Big Drum in showmanship."

Not that he despises the Big Drum; he still bangs it more lustily than any living Englishman, but the pen, he has found, carries the noise of the drum so much farther.

Mr. Cochran, you see, is one of the ablest journalistic minds of to-day. He is also—this dapper, red-complexioned man with the saucy smile—quite a number of interesting things besides.

In "Who's Who" he appears modestly labelled as a "theatrical manager," and, as nothing follows concerning his love of rowing, bicycling or ping-pong, one must assume that his "recreations" have included:

Acting, running skating rinks, variety agencies, menageries and circuses; collecting pictures and first editions, devising revues and promoting boxing matches; producing manifestly "highbrow" plays, rodeos, spectacles and three-eyed midgets . . . the list runs the gamut from the extreme vulgar to the superbly refined.

To his exuberant interest in life in general the gaiety of the world-that-is-London owes an unpayable debt.

Again, list-making is to be despised; but to Cochran we owe "The Miracle," the Russian Ballet—in measure, the Chauve Souris, our last views of Bernhardt and Duse, our first views of the Guitrys, intimate revue, Delysia, and Florence Mills.

His career, from his schooldays in Brighton with Aubrey Beardsley, right through to his surprising appointment as director of the Royal Albert Hall, is best described by the lists of his unremitting successes—and failures. Half of all the best he has done has profited his bank balance nothing.

For Cochran is the one Big Drum of to-day who combines a sincerely artistic instinct with a genius for showmanship.

This is his secret: an eternal searching for something new, a robust knowledge that the £ s. d. of the theatre cannot be forgotten, and a complete absence of any false modesty about his own name.

That, perhaps, and a sense of great courage. Heaven forgive me if I write fulsomely, but if ever I have had the friendship of any man who has lived up to any of the lines of Kipling's "If," that man is Cochran.

But *I* envy him most his home, off Portland Square. It is a perfect expression of the man himself—surely the highest ideal of a home. Like Cochran, the contents are catholic: there is a deliciously chosen collection of Degas, many rakish Georgian prints . . . a Bairnsfather and a Gauguin.

Even his private sanctum, tucked away behind a concealed door in the theatre in the "Centre of the World," contains treasures, including the largest old English tumblers I have ever set eyes on.

Much of the *dilettante* side of his life, I suspect, lies to the encouragement of pretty Mrs. Cochran, who ran away from her home in Ireland to be married to Charles Blake. That was the beginning of a life-time romance. She is one of those wives who—like the princess in the Arabian Nights' tale—stands behind the throne and whispers wisdom.

It seems only a few months ago when, at a lunch, he pointed to a figure on the table of a man precariously mounted on a rearing broncho.

"That," he said, "just about explains my position to-day."

And a week later the circus tent—the props of which had weakened through the showman's illness and over-exuberance—fell in. That phrase is the tragic epitaph of the Big Drum.

. . . . . .

Yes, but not Cochran's epitaph. . . . His triumph over his financial difficulties is too recent to recall. To-day he is still in the public eye; his declarations are read with more interest than those of Cabinet Ministers.

There have been times when his natural exuberance and Gallic tastes have produced that which has tended towards pandering. There have been other times when he has found himself beating the drum for an attraction which he has privately admitted is not worth the noise; such was the general state of affairs in 1923 and 1924, when he was lying desperately ill in bed with a new theatre to open and seven or eight others to keep from being closed.

But, speaking generally, he has been content to please all tastes some of the time rather than merely some tastes all of the time.

From Our Portrait Gallery

Peter North

LADY DOREEN KNATCHBULL

A recent portrait of the beautiful wife of Captain the Hon. Michael Knatchbull, only son of the 4th Baron Brabourne. Before her marriage she was Lady Doreen Browne, youngest daughter of the Marquess of Sligo

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

When Sir Gerald du Maurier was acting at Wyndham's Theatre he was supposed to be somewhat of a martinet. At the St. James's, however, he seems to be putting up with a lot of "Interference."

. . . . .

"Don't play with 'flu," say the doctors. We certainly shall never ask it to make up a rubber.

. . . . .

The spring cleaning epidemic is within measurable distance when the old controversy, Blinds *v.* Curtains, will be revived by housewives. Gentlemen, we understand, prefer blinds.

. . . . .

On the heels of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers (or, more classically, the Confraternity of Fermentation Removers) comes the Noble Army of Coffee Beans. We are told that anyone who enrols fifty members is entitled to a cup standing in its own grounds.

. . . . .

But the most venerable of all corporations is, of course, the A.O. of Water Weasels, whose motto has always been "The more the Perrier," and whose activities are daily broadcast from H_2O. It is gratifying to know that the number of members who drink their baths in the morning is on the increase.

. . . . .

Quoth a bather to me with a chirp,
"Each morning I dive in the Serp."
Said I, "Is it true
That you come out all blue?"
He said "No, but I sometimes turn purp."

. . . . .

The limit to the dancing Dervish craze has been reached. A lady has had her infant christened Charles-Tony.

Stage Silhouettes

(*Miss Marie Tempest.*)

A little chic
(A little star),
Add more technique,
And there you are!
(A little Queen,
Now, as of yore),
A little scene,
And then—Encore!

. . . . .

Asked to draw a map of England, Jones *secundus* eventually drew a triangle under which he wrote, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

. . . . .

By the way, have you ever seen an evening paper's first edition, known your husband's exact income, or heard the words of an opening chorus?

. . . . .

"Don't you think Doris must know how hideous her bare back looks?"

"Well, even if she doesn't, she oughtn't to expose her ignorance."

. . . . .

Purple is said to be a fashionable shade for men's wear.

I never wore a purple suit;
I don't think I could bear one;
But this I'll say without dispute,
I'd sooner see than wear one!

Hash-ish!

Quoth I unto my worthy spouse,
"I do not like your nasty cough;
You do too much about the house;
Come, go and take the morning off—
I'll do the cooking—sausage-mash,
Or, maybe, improvise a hash."

"All right," replied my wife; "but, mind,
Let all be ready when I'm back.
Don't scald the cat or let me find
You're off the (Mrs.) Beeton track."
Then, mutt'ring something like "Poor boob,"
Went off and vanished in the Tube.

Into the kitchen I went though,
Began to boil (or was it bake?)
And got myself into a stew
Because there was so much at stake.
I didn't want my wife to whoop
With joy should I be in the soup.

All was O.K. at one o'clock.
I placed the dish before my wife,
Who looked as though she'd got a shock
That threatened to upset her life;
And then she said (the thought still stings),
"I see you've made a hash *of things!"*

. . . . .

We read that women who have been married before never give cigars to their second husbands. The latter, however, get rid of the widows' weeds.

. . . . .

A book on cocktails has just been published. It is said to make very elevating reading.

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING

By Fred Buchanan

Manager (*to applicant for post in tourist agency*): "Parlez-vous français?"
Applicant: "I beg pardon!" Manager (*still more distinctly*): "Parlez-vous français?"
Applicant: "I'm sorry, I don't quite understand." Manager: "Do you talk French?"
Applicant: "Oh, yes—absolutely!"

On the Right Line

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How the inventor of the Charleston first received his inspiration for the peculiar rhythm of its intriguing movement

"TWELVE MILES OUT"

AT THE STRAND

Produced January 26, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THERE is a fine old English saying that you can drive a coach-and-four through any Act of Parliament. The Yankees go one better by driving a fleet of ships through that insufficient barrier against resolute lawlessness. We have already become familiar with the Bootlegger; and this play extends our knowledge of the devious ways of the Hi-jacker. He is the gentleman of the road who unblushingly steals the bootlegger's unlawful property. This predatory state of affairs illustrates another fine old English saying that great fleas (if one may mention such things) have small fleas upon their backs to bite 'em . . . and so *ad infinitum*. Apparently, between the unloading of his cargo and the delivery to his customers, the conscientious bootlegger gets bitten very badly in several places.

IN this play, however, the exploits of the Bootlegger and the Hi-jacker are only the framework of the drama that is unfolded for our delight. This is all to the good, because this very modern problem of Booze and How to Get It is apt to become a little tiresome to people who have other absorbing interests in life besides that of fermented liquor. The main thesis of the play is concerned with a sanguinary fight between two desperadoes for the possession of a woman who will not yield to either of them; and there we have got a topic that we can all understand. In the First Act we have Mr. John Burton, a highly respectable lawyer (this play, by the way, claims to be founded on fact), who lives at Long Island with his highly respectable wife, whose dreary round of household duties is only made tolerable by regular visits to the Picture Palace. Mr. Burton is a whale on the subject of law and order, as maintained by the Constitution of the United States. When he hears stories of wild doings of desperate men in the bootlegging industry he tells his wife that that sort of thing is only newspaper fiction, it simply could not happen nowadays, especially as the Prohibition agents have practically got the law-breakers down, and the courts of justice will soon be giving them their due.

THE FINGER OF SCORN *Stage Photo Co.*

Jane Burton (Rhy Darby) does not like men with beards. She appears to be explaining the fact, with some emphasis, to Michael McCue (Lyn Harding)

THEN the excitement begins. Jerry Fay, a polite Bootlegger, taps at the drawing-room windows; and, on their being opened, he walks into the room pushing a loaded revolver in front of him. He is very sorry to intrude so unceremoniously, but the fact is the Revenue men are after him, and he has therefore got to dump his stock of illicit whisky in the first spot conveniently available. Even as he speaks a number of unsavoury-looking men hurry in and stack cases of the real stuff on Mr. Burton's expensive carpet. Mr. Burton is not, of course, going to put up with that sort of thing. It is quite opposed to the Constitution of the United States, and he will at once go for a policeman and have the intruders removed. Jerry apologises for having to correct that point of view, but the fact is, if Mr. Burton stirs from the room or tries to monkey with the telephone he will be shot at sight.

STILL protesting against this quite improper defiance of law and order, Mr. Burton escorts the bootleggers to the kitchen, where the rest of the whisky is being dumped. Meanwhile Jerry indulges in a pleasant little chat with Mrs. Burton. She reprehends him for his unlawful trade, but she cannot help recognising him as a real man who is ready at any time to shoot or be shot at; and it is understood that ladies who frequent picture theatres have a distinct partiality for heroes of the kind.

JERRY and his men have barely finished rubbing their hands over the successful storage of their cargo when a sudden shot rings out. Mrs. Burton's brother had left the house and imprudently refused to stop when called upon to do so. He is brought back into the house badly hurt, and dies on the hearthrug, another clear defiance of the Constitution. Then Hi-jack McCue

appears at the drawing-room windows with the usual appeal to the company to "put 'em up," and Jerry at once realises that his precious stock has already gone West. Hi-jack McCue makes no secret of the fact that the cargo of whisky is to be taken aboard his ship. And as awkward questions might arise as to the shooting of Mrs. Burton's brother, he orders the removal of the entire company to the vessel so that troublesome witnesses shall be kept out of the way. This arrangement is also convenient from the point of view of the drama, since it keeps the company together for the Second Act.

WE next see the cabin of McCue's ship, where he alone represents what there is of Law and Order. And as he has taken quite a fancy to the attractive Mrs. Burton he announces his intention to the horrified lady of taking advantage of his position, as soon as she feels like paying that price for her liberty. Mrs. Burton not only finds McCue repulsive, but she cannot stand his rough beard, which makes him still more unattractive. There is no accounting for taste. A middle-aged lady once told me that she preferred to be kissed by a man with a heavy moustache. I am a simple soul in these matters, and, as I have no moustache, I cannot, of course, solve the mystery, and I shall certainly not permit myself to indulge in fanciful conjecture.

THE AFTERMATH *Stage Photo Co.*

The end of the fight between Jerry Fay (Ion Swinley) and Michael McCue (Lyn Harding), while the woman in the case, Jane Burton (Rhy Darby), is an interested spectator. The bearded Michael seems to have been a loser all the way

MRS. BURTON asks that her husband may be sent for so that he may come and protect her. Hi-jack McCue agrees at once. Mr. Burton, the very respectable lawyer, is brought up from below, and is notified of the facts as at the moment existing. McCue wants Mrs. Burton for his Woman. Law, as Mr. Burton knows it, is a dead letter. We are back to *Primum Tempus* and the Jungle, and that sort of thing. McCue gives Mr. Burton a revolver and bids him stand up and fight for his Woman, if he wants to keep her to himself. Mr. Burton absolutely declines to do anything of the kind. That sort of thing is not done nowadays. He will simply call the police and give McCue into custody, and that will be that.

MRS. BURTON cannot disguise her contempt for the man who calls her wife and yet refuses to fight for her honour. So Jerry Fay comes on the scene. He is willing and anxious to fight McCue on the chance of possessing Mrs. Burton, and so we have a perfectly gorgeous scuffle in the semi-darkness between two rascals in order to win a lady who does not want either of them. Mr. Lyn Harding is most impressive as the ill-looking Hi-jacker; while Mr. Milton Rosmer is quaintly amusing as the very law-abiding husband, at the mercy of crime which, according to him, is not being committed in these good, Christian days. Mr. Ion Swinley makes a manly Jerry, well qualified by his dashing appearance to flutter the sensitive feminine heart. *Twelve Miles Out* is a fine boisterous play, and I found it most enjoyable.

JINGLE.

Paying For Pleasure

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrations by E. T. REED

"You will be made young again," they cried. The group consisted of wife, children, the boy who is in the same form as your boy at school, and one of those pretty girls who are thrown invariably into your house when you want to get on with your work.

On your way to the Fun Fair (the place where you are to be made young again) you are cheered up with the information that entrance costs a mere 1s. 2d. As the party consists of six, this means parting with a paltry seven bob only. This sum is done in his head by your son, who thus justifies the £200 a year you have been spending on him since he was nine.

A gold-braided commissionaire takes from me the tickets I have bought. As he counts them he is jeered at by a rough fellow whom he has had to eject.

"Where's your medals, tomato-face?" enquires the rough fellow. "Where's your medals?"

For the first and only time in the evening I am tickled, and wish to stay in the entrance hall to see the finish of this humourful altercation, but my family are restless for coarser joys and hustle me on.

Almost at once I am caught by the most outrageous gambling machine that human ingenuity has ever invented. A list of eighty horses is posted up. This list is transparent, and behind it flickers an electric light. When the light becomes stationary behind a certain horse, the holder of the ticket for that horse is given a large imitation rabbit.

Until that moment none of my family or their companions had wanted an imitation rabbit. One wants a stone-marten necklet, another wants a motor cycle, a third wants a wrist watch, and so on. Now all these ideas are abandoned temporarily, and I am pressed to buy tickets for a large imitation rabbit.

I make a bit of a fight against it. "In the first place," say I, "it is a poor imitation of a rabbit. Its ears are too long and its colour is ridiculous, even for the Welsh variety. In the second place the chances are 80 to 1 against you. In the third place you would look a fool carrying such an object home."

By that time I was completely surrounded by an excited man wearing a gold-braided coat (and no medals). Eventually he palmed six tickets upon me, and mesmerised me into giving him 3s.

The names of our horses were Marvex, Saucy Sue, Coronach, Masked Marvel, Vicot, and Apple Sammy. An animal called Jack Horner was successful.

With hearts in our boots we moved on to a large circular stall, the proprietor of which invited us to throw pennies on to a brass surface in order that we might have the pleasure of seeing him pick them up and put them, without any deception, into his own trouser pocket.

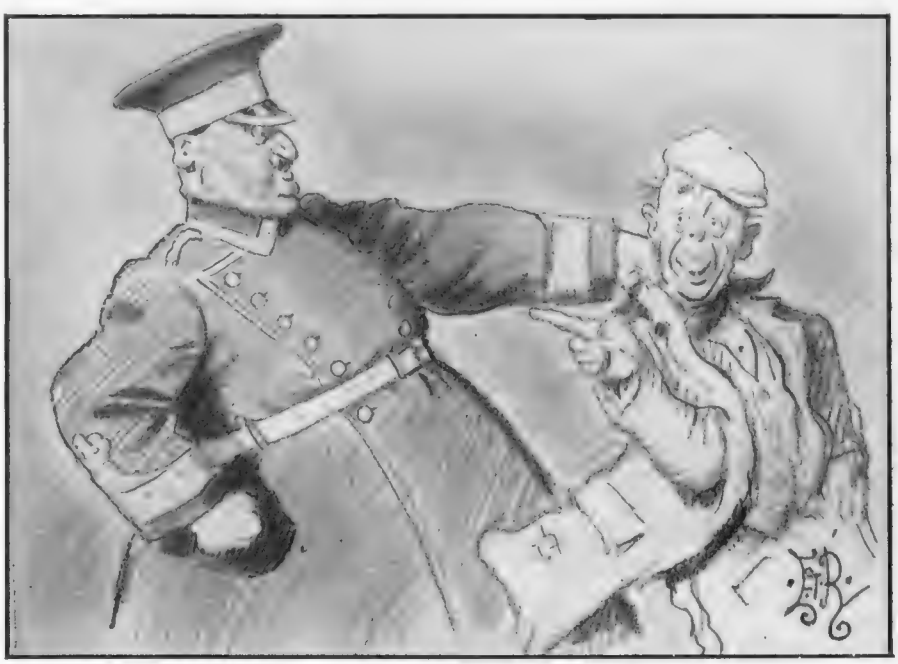
I can laugh at most things, but I confess that I was surprised to find my party so boisterous about this tame amusement. "Fetch out your pennies, father," they commanded. Meekly I produced fifteen, and these were all thrown on the brass sheet by my party and skilfully picked up and trousered by the coin-collector. All, that is to say, save one. This one was actually returned to my son together with another one.

The boy's delight was most infectious. "Watch me build this up," he cried. Then he threw the two pennies on the brass sheet, and the coin-collector picked them up and trousered them. The boy turned quite pale, and I told his mother that perhaps all this pleasure was too much for him.

She squinkled her face, and led the way to "Who'll Have a Lucky Love-Bird?"

Some years ago it was discovered by one of the lineal descendants of Isaac Newton that it is next door to impossible to throw a ping-pong ball into a vase with a mouth but slightly broader in diameter than the ball. It was also discovered that if by some freak the ball could be thrown through the aperture it would instantly bounce out again. The discoverer of these facts instantly bought a number of vases and ping-pong balls

(*Continued on page 362*)



"'Where's your medals, tomato-face?'"

CHARLESTON BENT

Tom Aitken

Miss Joy Ashley all ready to break into a little spell of Charlestoning. She is appearing in "My Son John" at the Shaftesbury Theatre and also in the cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel

and invited the public to prove his theories wrong. It only costs you 6d. for seven tries, and, if you succeed where Isaac Newton, Edison and Marconi would most certainly fail, you are given a love-bird.

Don't ask me why you are given a love-bird and not an imitation rabbit. I simply do not know. But I do know that the sight of hundreds of love-birds squeaking for a good home brought my party almost to the verge of tears. Sixpennorth after sixpennorth of balls I bought for myself and for each. Needless to say, our score at the end of an hour's squander in pursuit of a love-bird was exactly "love."

I have wondered since why I did not offer the wretched bird-baiter a pound for one of his decoys, and so save a lot of money. But the odd fact remains that, if I had done so my family would have thought me a fool, whereas for spending two pounds without getting a prize I was regarded as little more than a Jonah or hoodoo.

Next I gave a lot of money to a man whose happy idea was to cozen people into throwing feather-weight wooden balls in an endeavour to separate an iron coconut from an iron support to which it was riveted. From him I dashed to a stall where I and my party were allowed to roll balls through a sort of egg-scoop

"The wretched rabbit actually fell to one of my party"

and add up the numbers of the tops of the balls for 3d. a roll. Here, I grieve to say, my son won a pearl tie-pin. The tide had turned.

You will now be prepared for the announcement that we did not go away without trying once more for the large imitation rabbit. I was adjured not to be stingy but to buy two tickets for each. Vainly I pointed out that this meant spending 6s., that the odds against were still nearly 7 to 1, and that the rabbit, if won, wasn't worth anything like the expenditure on the ticket. I was told to "enter into the spirit of the thing," and, when the wretched rabbit actually fell to one of my party, I was regarded with pretty general contempt, I can tell you.

When we left it was raining. I was told to get a taxi. A taxi for six, to go six miles!

"But you'll be all right in a 'bus," I dared to observe. "You won't get wet."

"We won't. But that beautiful rabbit will."

As to being made young again, I should like to say that I feel like a small boy in one respect. I have no money.

B. M. H.

By Batchelor

WHAT EVERY WOMAN NOSE!

"I tell you I was home quite early, dear; and you shouldn't condemn me simply because I mislaid my glasses somewhere"
"No, but you rather forget that you left them on your nose on the mantelpiece!"

"SUCH A (N)ACE BOY"

"THE STATE OF

AFFAIRS UNMASKED"

BY FRANK M. IEA

BY LENDON

SUNDAY NIGHT

"The thud of an almighty fall"

THE DOUBLE OXER

By EILEEN ELKINGTON *Illustration by GILBERT HOLIDAY*

If you should ever be talking with Jack Langham, and he were to raise his favourite topic, the chase, give him his head and don't pull him out of his stride. He is always worth listening to and knows his subject from A to Z. If the talk comes round to falls and grief—and there's generally plenty of that to the credit of every true-born fox-hunter—still let him talk, nay, draw him on, for it is then, if he sees you are in the mood to be interested, he may tell you of a strange experience he once had, and how upon that particular occasion he looked before and after he leapt. . . .

"No, it wasn't in the Shires; there's an income-tax now; but, after all, there's plenty of fun to be had in the unfashionable provinces. We often used to have quite a fast hunt with the pack I'm thinking of, and a bit of the country was almost first-class. I don't think I've ever seen hounds with better dash and drive, and as for the foxes they were like wolves.

It was one day at the end of December. There were very few people out; perhaps they hadn't recovered from Christmas. The weather started fine enough, but at 1 o'clock it began to rain like fury. We had found an 'outlier' early on, but had rolled him over without much of a run. The Master—he's his own huntsman—tried all the neighbouring coverts, some spacious woodlands, and a four-acre furze-brake, but none of these yielded the slightest whiff of a fox. It was precious cold; by three o'clock the light was going, and the possibilities of a run hung in the balance. Most of the field had gone home. Besides the Master and whips there were just four of us left.

"At last came a whimper, and our spirits rose. A brown object slid out through the undergrowth, paused for a second, spread his brush to the wind, and galloped out of sight. The pack voiced their ecstasy and ours too. They streamed out—fifteen couple of 'em—and were up the hillside and away in a flash.

"We galloped hard. Dockleaf needed no pushing; she stretched out with that long, easy stride of hers, ears cocked forward, determined that no one should pass her. She was jumping like a deer; never touched a rail, nor disturbed a stone.

"The hounds were making a brilliant pace, though how scent held I cannot imagine. They checked once, but they were wild for it, trying every inch of the ground, and with a beautiful sweeping cast hit off the line again down a bracken slope which was punched all over with rabbit holes. Someone came down—a real rough bit of country—and the rest of us rode for a while with a deal of caution and very little pleasure.

"The rain had stopped. The heavy curtain of clouds lifted a little towards the west and loosened a stretch of pale, silvery sky; but to the right of me, over the high, iron-coloured hills, mist came bulging down.

"I was alone. My companions had pulled out, and the hounds were still running hard, making straight for the best bit of country we had. They were a couple of fields ahead, Master and whips too. The stretch of silver faded from the sky, the mists advanced, and gradually the hills became blotted out.

"Suddenly Dockleaf slackened—she wasn't blown—snorted ominously, whilst the tips of her ears nearly met; she went sideways at a rail and then shied right away from the line we were making. I heard hoofs and then became conscious of another horse and rider. We were no longer alone. Abreast of us, but about fifty yards away, rode a woman on a grey horse.

"She rode well. I watched her negotiate the next fence; but I must say I had never seen a woman so oddly turned out in my life. She wasn't wearing an apron, but a sort of flowing skirt with a cut-away coat like her grandmother might have worn. I felt sure I had never seen her out hunting before. It seemed strange that she had fallen in with hounds so late, but mighty clever of her to have hit off the only run of the day.

"She rode uncommon well, and the grey was a good hunter. I watched him arching up over a jagged wall, and, going steady through the deep

(All rights strictly reserved)

ground beyond, saw him bound big and easy on to a bank and spring down the other side with the lightness of a deer. They seemed to know the country too.

"Once more Dockleaf snorted and distended a pair of vibrating nostrils. She always hates anyone trying to pass her with hounds. She increased her pace, more than ever determined to outstrip her companion. But this strange companion of ours, looking neither to right nor left, engrossed in her own line, galloped ever level with us.

"One field more and we gained on them. Dockleaf was steadily beating the interloper who butted in at the end of the day for a run.

"Looming in the distance I saw what looked to be a very formidable fence. It was a well-banked 'double oxer.' I didn't know at the time what a yawner lay between the stout ashen rails, nor how blind those rails were with tall weed and rank grass.

"'Dockie,' I said, 'this'll stop 'em. They'll go for the gate.'

"The great double seemed to rush at us. I gathered Dockleaf between my knees, I felt her raise herself, spring, and, with hocks tucked well under her, shoot forward like an arrow. I glimpsed a streak of water and the tops of two tough rails.

"It was the widest 'uncertainty' she had ever carried me over.

"'You're on the right side of that, my gal,' I said, patting her neck. She galloped on across a hummocky field and turned leftward of her own accord, almost at an angle, for out of the mist from that direction a hound spoke.

"Secretly I hoped that the lady on the grey would go for the gate. I looked over my shoulder. She was not going for the gate, but was making straight for the place where Dockleaf had jumped. I thought I saw the grey check, falter, plunge in mid-air, saw his fore-feet catch the outer rail, heard the crash of breaking timber and the thud of an almighty fall. Just then a knoll hid them from view.

"I pulled to a walk, turned, and rode a protesting Dockleaf back alongside the fence. I dismounted, made the bridle fast to the gate, and walked on. But I could see neither horse nor rider. That ditch was deeper and wider and the take-off more spongy than it had at first appeared. It was an evil-looking place .... if only that infernal fog had not come down.

"There was no sign of them. Had the grey recovered miraculously before he fell and galloped on? No, for I distinctly heard the crash of timber and that terrific fall. Yet nowhere along the fence was there a splinter of broken timber. I found Dockleaf's hoof-dents, and I could have sworn that it was there the grey had jumped. I called aloud and listened; called again; a raven passed overhead, and somewhere in the distance came the cry of a curlew. Long white tentacles of fog crawled along the fields, and here and there it seemed to sweat out of the very earth.

"A shadow stole along the fence; someone was coming. It was a man with a dog. He looked to me like a shepherd. Evidently he had heard my shout.

"'Did you see a lady on a grey horse?' I asked.

"He answered me gruffly, 'I've heard tell of her.'

"I went on, 'They made straight for this fence. I think they fell. It was only a few minutes ago.'

"'Yes,' he answered a trifle less gruffly; 'they made straight for this fence, they fell, but it was fifty years ago.'"

This, then, is the tale of a very precarious jump and a strange experience, which, if he sees you are in the mood to be interested, Langham will tell.

And probably Dockleaf, too, tells her friends—over her oats or linseed tea—how she once raced a phantom horse over the rain-drenched fields, how she beat him at a high-banked "double oxer," and how, when she turned back again, there was nothing to be seen but her own hoof-dents a foot from the bank. E. E.

Hana

"FIGURES OF EIGHT"

Some of the attitudes involved in the "Black Bottom" dance in the new version of Charles B. Cochran's "Merry-Go-Round." This cheery show proves a sparkling entertainment for the patrons of the Trocadero

"The Lady With the Fan"

MISS ESTELLE BRODY

The film star, who has played principal parts in two of Gaumont's latest films. She has now turned her talents in a new direction and is the principal "turn" at the Florida Club

The Strenuous Side of Life as Lived

Photographs

Sport and General

THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL AT TWICKENHAM

The rival skippers in the great game at Twickenham, L. J. Corbett (England) and W. E. Crawford (Ireland). On the right the photograph shows a thrilling leap for the ball in a line out. England just got home by 8 points to 6

L.N.A.

Sport and General

TWO "FINALS" AT ETON

On the left F. W. Lowndes-Stone-Norton is seen winning the final of the School Mile, and on the right, J. H. Hare has a close victory over P. Pitman in the final of the Junior Mile. These events took place on the Dorney Road, Eton, under very foggy conditions

at Twickenham, Eton and the Varsities

Photographs

A. W. HILL (CLARE) WINNING THE HALF MILE

A. G. DE COURCY IRELAND (nearest camera), THE WINNER IN THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE 120 YARDS HURDLES

Sport and General

R. REED (EMMANUEL) WINNER OF THE MILE

Winners and other competitors "in action" at the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Sports at Cambridge. Emmanuel gained 29½ points and Clare 80½

Photographs

H. V. WARREN WINNING THE QUARTER MILE

R. L. HYATT (BALLIOL), FIRST IN THE LONG JUMP

Sport and General

D. G. WHITE FINISHING FIRST IN THE HALF MILE

Three winning moments in the Finals of the Inter-College Cup Competition at Oxford. They were held in very cold weather

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Except the cold-blast figures of the bill"

MES AMIS—

THERE are, as you have often been told by people "who really know Paris," two Montmartres. There is the gilt and tinsel Montmartre of the tourist, where all is unreal except the cold-blast figures of the bill. And there is the Montmartre of the poets and the painters, where genius is requited at the rate of about one mutton chop per week, but where high spirits cannot be damped and are even sufficiently in abundance to furnish merriment to the rest of Paris through the mock Republic, *maire* and *vache enragée*.

OF the "tourist" Montmartre, you have very frequently heard criticism; quite apart, I mean, from recent complaints about excessive charges; criticism of its being un-Parisian, parasitic and catch-penny. On the other hand, there was rarely anything but the complimentary, generally speaking, about the artistic Montmartre, which was claimed as "native." So you will appreciate what a shock we have sustained in seeing a finger of rebuke agitated towards the exemplary *quartier*.

THE finger is that of M. Léon Ritor, who, despite his topsy-turvy kind of name, is a *conseiller municipal*, and therefore an authority on Paris. The tilt on which M. Riotor embarks is directed against marriage *à la colle*, sometimes referred to as *l'union libre*, or even less euphemistically by more abrupt people. To many artists, in words or paint, the consequences are often disastrous, he holds. The knots of the *liaison* are generally slipped on quite by hazard, and are meant to be but provisional, yet in no matter is there more proving of the French proverb *Ce n'est que le provisoire qui dure*. Thus an artist who has become ambitious and serious and wishes to spread his artistic wings cannot rise because of the *colle*, eventually abandons the struggle and sinks among the failures.

ALL of which may, or may not, be true—it sounds quite feasible. But what I cannot follow is the invidiousness in respect of, or rather in disrespect of, "artistic" Montmartre. Montmartre has no monopoly of *mariage à la colle*. What about Montparnasse? And I should imagine it would be dangerous to be tactless on the subject of marriage certificates in such superior *quartiers* as Passy, Auteuil, or even the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. So why pillory "artistic" Montmartre? I have no special liking for it—I would rather have Montparnasse—but, though it has received excessive adulation in the past, I don't think it should get the stigma of "the quarter where marriages are made of glue." Let the others bear their glue-pot burden.

ONE of the younger playwrights, M. Steve Passeur, has just missed creating a masterpiece by surprisingly going off at a tangent when he should have kept to the straight, bold line. It would be worth his while to take it off and reshape it, for nothing is so disappointing as a play which opens in brilliance and then fritters itself into the fragmentary and forlorn. M. Passeur must have anticipated the disillusion as, when everybody at the *répétition générale* rushed round to felicitate him after the first act, he revealed his doubts about their coming to congratulate him at the end. It is a pity; but it is not too late.

THE play, *Pas Encore*, presents the bitter experiences of a *femme entretenue* of the provinces, and it is perhaps this provincial element that

(Continued on page 374)

"The *maire* and *vache enragée*"

JOHN JAMESON ★★★ WHISKEY

J·J·PLEASE!
J·J·PLEASE!
J·J·PLEAS
EASE!
J·J·PLEA
J·J·PLEASE
J·J·PLEAS

COMING SIR, BUT—

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

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helps to a greater "intensity" than can be drawn from a Parisian atmosphere. The woman, Fanny Maubert, comes from a bourgeoise family, is cultivated and intelligent, but has always loved freely, and in her pretence of cynicism there is something *sympathetique*. Her "protector" for twenty years—she is now forty-four—has been the wealthy but avaricious *père* Remantil, who lives in an isolated establishment, *la Guérinière*.

"Cannot rise because of the *colle*"

S

Among her young *amants de cœur* was one François, who has just gone away to Paris, and Remantil, on hearing of this, hurries round in revengeful spirit. His feelings are a mixture of affection and hate as, while he has resented the existence of the young *amants*—which has not been hidden—he cannot do without her. Now, his revenge takes the form of a brutal allegation that it is because she is getting old that the young lovers are abandoning her—all that is left for her is *la Guérinière*, when at last he will be master.

S

"Pas encore." Her niece has sought a young agriculturist, Raymond, fearing that Remantil would be violent, and when Remantil, to check the young man's reproaches, points to Fanny scornfully as "an old woman who will never be loved again," Raymond, to the irritation of Remantil and the disappointment of the niece, declares that *he* loves Fanny, and that if she will leave Remantil and go with him to Paris, she shall have the full *vie de femme* she desires. Against the anger and the jealousy of the other two, she decides to risk all on this chance. This episode has been turned into a first act which has impressed everyone by its astonishing dramatic force, and has created a new standard for the author, but, as indicated, he threw away his chances by subsequently becoming vague instead of holding on to the forceful and direct. However, M. Passeur has shown the possibility of doing very big things.

S

There are, it appears, some judges who must be considered as really friendly to motorists. One could scarcely ask for anything more than the consideration shown by the tribunal of Versailles, which, for the protection of motor car drivers—and babies—laid it down that perambulators should be lighted up if wheeled on the roadway after dark. It would seem a difficult matter to bring perambulators within the scope of the *Code de la Route*, but the tribunal accomplished it by classing them as handcarts.

S

Non-motorists would, of course, say it was absurd to impose lighting on perambulators, and that it should be perfectly easy for car drivers to avoid running down bassinettes, but a recent case before a court in the Fontainebleau region has shown the necessity for protecting lights in the interests of the babies, if people *will* risk pushing perambulators along dark roads. In this case the motorist had had to dim his lights under a local regulation and, being unable to see the pram, knocked it over. This tribunal refused to accept the Versailles precedent, but that was probably due to the feeling that it was the insurance company that would pay in any event. Anyhow, Paris motorists unite in crying *Vive* Versailles and its illuminated perambulators.

René.

"Declares that *he* loves Fanny"

What on earth is the good of broadcasting musical comedy when the men can't see where the girls are, and the women can't see what the girls wear?

. . . . .

It is said that woman is the grey mare who keeps the house going. There are times, however, when that mare could do with a little horse sense.

A Camera Treble from the Moulin Rouge

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

The Three Sisters G——, whose work is one of the most popular features of the new revue at the Moulin Rouge. The costumes of these three popular favourites, who have won a big name for themselves are as striking as is their dancing

Photographs *J. Undjian*

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

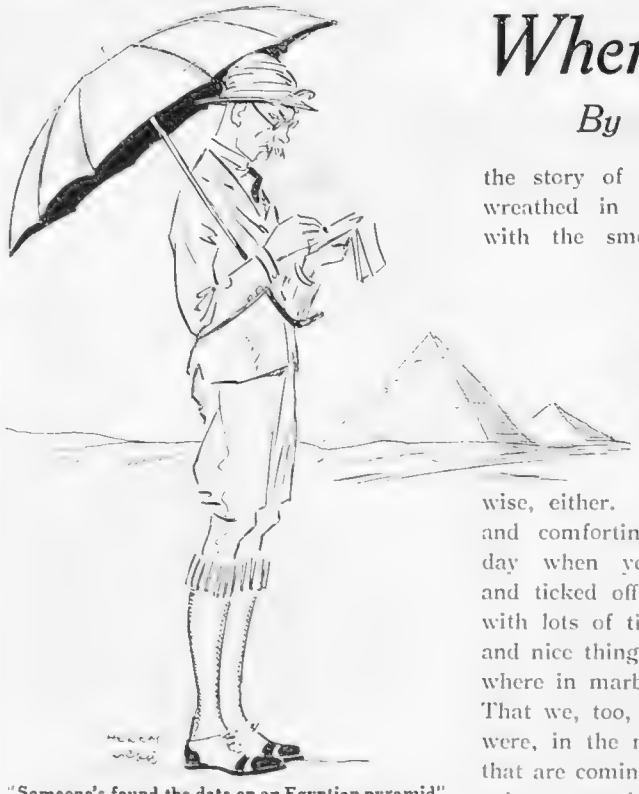
Mlle. Reynis favouring the full skirt and picture hat reminiscent of the Edwardian days. She is a great revue favourite in Paris

ON WITH THE DANCE

Mlle. Vadia Keen in a striking fringed costume. She is one of the leading dancers in "Ca—C'est Paris," which has found much favour all round

When We've Got Our Haloes

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*



"Someone's found the date on an Egyptian pyramid"

LONDON, *February* 21.

DEAR COUSIN—

REALLY rather surprising, is not it, the way we seem somehow to be always fascinated and intrigued by the idea of living in the long past ages and all the appurtenances thereof? Doesn't even matter about their being so frightfully far back, either, apparently, as, for instance, think on that new-old play they put on at the Q last week, all about Jews and things from a novel by dear old George Eliot that we're always told was such a great writer and nobody ever reads; not even, and least of all, granny—who'd ever so much rather have a nice dinner at the Savoy and dance at the Nightlight, or Murray's, or the Gargoyle, or Hambone, for that matter.

卐

BUT this *Daniel Deronda* play, you know — chief charm and attraction as vaunted and boasted to me being that it's actually and truly in real honest to goodness Victorian costume of the period, and I can't say no fairer nor that. I mean, sure must be some perfectly amazingly subtle lure about this cult of the even moderately antique, when even that very heaviest and ugliest and most pompously and Teutonically ponderous of periods has power to draw us just by virtue (or vice) of its having passed away into the story of yesterday. And got all wreathed in the process, I suppose, with the smoke rings of sentimentalism, those softening mists that make us see always some magic in the golden days of the past.

卐

NOT sure I ever want it to be otherwise, either. I mean, rather pleasant and comforting to reflect that some day when you and I are labelled and ticked off as Georgians ourselves, with lots of time to think about it all and nice things written about us somewhere in marble instead of print. . . . That we, too, shall be all haloed, as it were, in the memories of those others that are coming on afterwards, our best points remembered and (let's hope) our faults forgot. "Terribly Georgian, of course, she was, poor dear Blanchette, and a perfect scream those so-called short frocks they used to wear in those days, and oh, my word! that ridiculous bingled hair or whatever the name was—and their idea of books and plays, too, the stilted language and conventionalness of it all! But there—after all, some picturesque period, was not it? And they did, anyway, take life *seriously*. . . ."

卐

WHEREAT we'll smile comfortably, shan't we, dear Cousin, you and I, and bless the dear things and—well, hope they'll, anyway, have as good a time as we're having, or words to that effect. But really is, you know, rather strange and striking that urge or impulse—they say women have it much more than men—to keep looking backwards and be always rather inclined to dwell somewhat fondly on the past. Example whereof may be found, perchance, even in the fashions of the coming moment (how they'll laugh about all this in 1957). Which they say are going right straight back now to chiffon and feminity, flowered satiny frocks and bonnety hats, and bibs and tuckers, and all the rest of it, including lots of lace and net and the fluffy-stuff of a bygone age.

卐

AND talking of aforesaid Back-to-the-Past Movement, what about the Chelsea Arts Ball that they're having at the dear old Albert Hall (though not so much of the dear old, now Mr. Cochran's got it) this very Thursday as ever is? Right back to Elizabeth we're going, apparently, if not even earlier. With Sir Walter Raleigh and Lady Godiva on a merry-go-round ('s a fact!) and all sorts of ancient Merrie England stunts about George and the Dragon, and Old King Cole, and such like, and a real old English banquet for supper, so they say, complete with capers and venison pie as served in the sixteenth century, God wot. Though, also going to be put on the wireless, it seems, the whole show, music thereof *plus* description by local B.B.C. expert of how everything's going, and who's there, and what not. All of which, methinks, 'll be fearfully nice for the people who wanted to come and couldn't, but what about the ones who oughtn't to have and did? I mean—oh well, just fancy being announced and so on when you're supposed to be in bed with a bad headache or staying with a sick sister, or , . . oh well, *my* conscience is clear, *comme toujours*, but I wonder!

"The Chelsea Arts Ball"

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MORE archaism, by the way—*à propos* of above-mentioned hall and present boss thereof—simply frantic attack Mr. Cochran made the other day on shingling and bingling and bobbing and cropping, and do you know why? Perfectly furious he was, they say, because his wife had just gone and got her's done, without his leave, of course, and then she was interviewed and said how sorry (or glad) she was and—oh, well! And, oh! dear Cousin, *à propos* of that antique touch, perfectly wonderful was the length of some of the frocks at the R.A. reception the other night—the one for the *braves Belges*, you know, when we admired their pictures and marvelled at their clothes — bright green shoes and stockings one not-too-youngish one had on, if you'll believe me, and red ditto, ditto, yet another. But quite a nice lot of amusing people around *and* celebrities like Dean Inge (very solemn) and Lord Methuen, leisurely scanning the pictures, which, after all, weren't anyway the worst part of the Show.

"Shingling and bingling and bobbing and cropping"

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HAST ever, perchance, by the way, in days of youth, of course, dear Cousin, been inveigled or allured into playing that terribly hard choosing game yclept Oranges and Lemons? Well, aforesaid game, meseems, is still more or less flourishing and luxuriating around, only diff. being that instead of the nice golden oranges or pale lemons of the past, your choice is now betwixt golden optimists and pale pessimists, so to speak. Because, you know, the pessimist prophets and soothsayers have been at it again, and each side's got their yes-men and yes-women (which is a nice new U.S. word signifying fan or echo) and there's really quite a terrific competition going on 'twixt the two to enrol members.

"For ever quaffing doubles"

卐

ALL according to taste, of course, whether you want to wallow in the luxury of tragic happenings or just go on lapping the lightheartedness of a (more or less) sunny present. But if the first, lo and behold, they've got the very thing for you and only just a bit over a year to wait. Positively Armageddon, in fact, which is the sort of final break-up, I believe, as pictured in Revelations or somewhere, arriving in May, 1928, and someone's found the date on an Egyptian pyramid or something (real thoughtful of 'em to write it there, what?) And they're going to have all sorts of letters after their names next week at the Albert Hall—how that venerable if unvenerated monument of the pious Prince does seem to keep popping into the limelight to be sure.

卐

WHICH being so, though, what's the use of worrying about just little things like, *par exemple*, the approaching death of British drama that someone else predicts? Says it's all due, he does, to the uncomfortableness of the theatres and the way the poor pittites are treated—"like an unfortunate (says Mr. Sutro, for 'tis he) waiting on the Embankment for a ticket for free bed and breakfast." Sad picture, *n'est-ce pas?* but doesn't stir in the least the optimist who knows it's really half the fun for quite lots, the waiting, I mean. And gives you time really and properly to talk over and discuss all about the latest stage and other gossip—what's the very last thing in dressing table unguents, and if sweet John Barrymore is sweet as ever or even sweeter, and Pauline Frederick more lovely and slim.

LUNCHED with her, by the way, at the Carlton, the other day, I did, and she really *is* rather a beautiful effort, though anything but the Hollywood type of peach. And wore the very severest sort of black, which one thought dimmed her a bit—but then, p'raps, really feels she *ought* to look as unfilmy as poss. these days. Gave the prizes, too, she did, at the Stage Guild Ball which was the success of the week at Covent Garden. Packed with dancers it was, and some wonderful costumes were *en évidence* (as they say) in the fancy dress parade. Mediæval dresses were well to the fore—so much so that the first three prizes for men went to Middle Ages nobles, but judging by the truly wonderful reception, applause, and so on accorded to a masculine and very non-Mediæval Man Friday, who ran fourth, the dancers did not see eye to eye with the judges—far from it. Still everything went all "hotsie-totsie" and (as they say in the Parish Mag.) a joyous time was enjoyed by all.

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BUT what *I* think is, you know, the films don't really stand half a chance against the theatres, not if they're properly done with real comfy seats (though went to a film "palace" the other night, where I nearly died of cramp 'cos of so-called fauteuils being apparently made for babes of two or less) *and* a bit less of the "interval" touch. Which last quite often tots up to well over half an hour or more, and is oh! so boring, and even the men get a bit weary as well as poor when they're positively *driven* to be

For ever quaffing doubles

at about double price, just to kill, slay, smother, or, in fact, p'raps you might say drown time and the *ennuis* thereof. And return possibly somewhat *blotto voce*, as the L.C.J. rather nicely put it the other night.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

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"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

A Diary of Sporting

P. and A.

TENNIS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Mrs. Watson (England) and Mrs. Peacock (South Africa) going on to the court at Cape Town for their match in the first of the five Test Matches of the British Ladies' Lawn Tennis Team's tour. Mrs. Watson was defeated and England lost the Test Match

Poole, Waterford

HUNTING IN IRELAND

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Russell photographed at a recent meet of the Waterford. Mr. Richard Russell has taken over the Mastership of the Waterford in succession to his father, the late Mr. J. R. Russell, who died at Christmas. The Waterford country is a bank country, chiefly consisting of pasture, with some woodland and plough

Willie Burke

WITH THE M.C.C. IN INDIA

The M.C.C. team photographed in a cheerful mood on their tour, which comprised India, Burma and Ceylon. A. E. R. Gilligan, the Captain, is seen in the centre of the group, while Maurice Tate, the fast bowler, is standing on the extreme right

Events in Two Hemispheres

Sport and General

THE "LENTS" AT CAMBRIDGE

Two views of the Lent Races at Cambridge, showing, at the top, a general impression of the Third Division Race in progress, and below, Sidney Sussex II bumping Christ's III. The races were very interesting from the first, nineteen bumps being made on the opening day

G.P.U.

Miss Fawcett (left), Mrs. R. Park, Mr. S. W. Beer, Lord Sefton and Mr. R. Steel with Lord Sefton's "Syrup" and "Strathaven"

Central Press

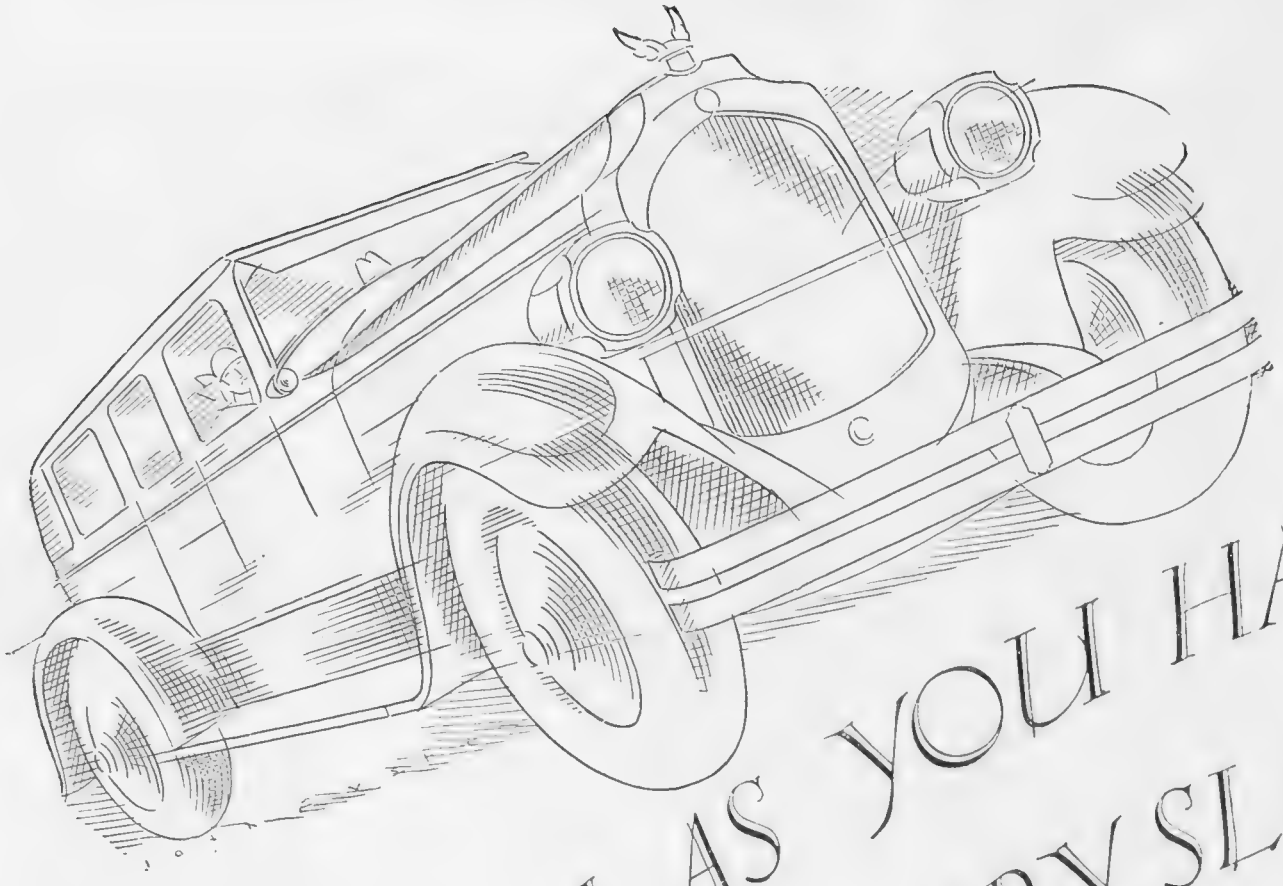
Lord Lonsdale (left) and his party among the onlookers

G.P.U.

Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge with three competitors

AT THE "WATERLOO" MEETING

Onlookers and runners who attended the coursing meeting at Altcar. The Waterloo Cup was won by Mr. A. Gordon Smith's puppy, Golden Seal, which beat Demetrius



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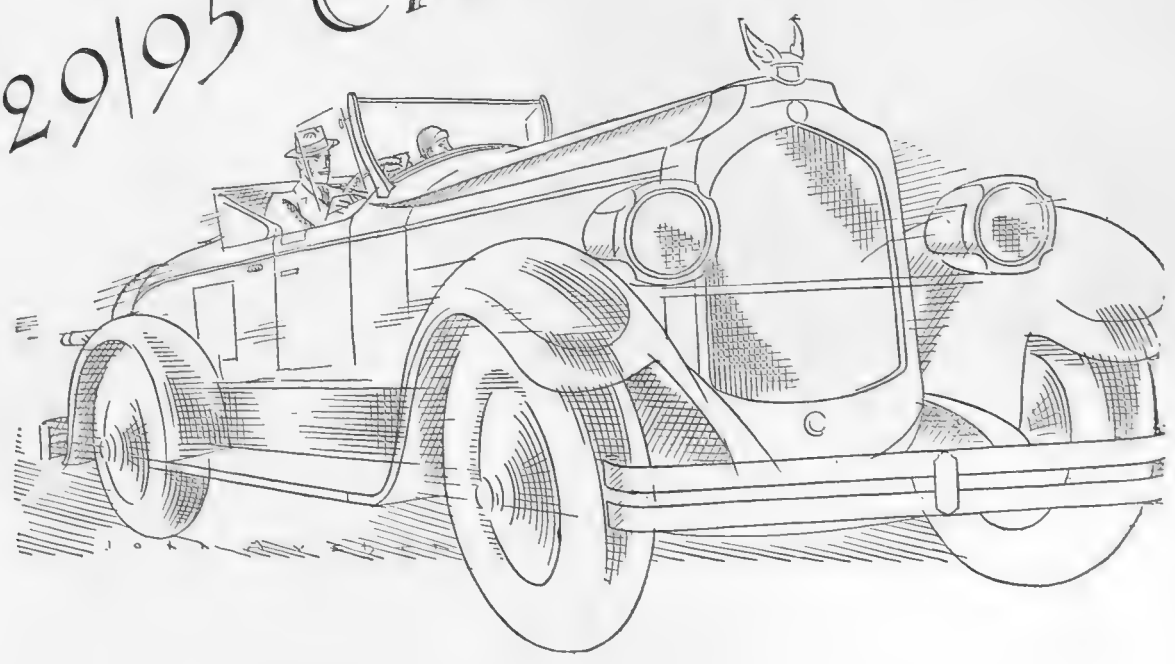

RUGGER REACTIONS

BEGORRAH!

By "PENDARVES"

IRELAND have never yet beaten England at Twickenham. But they came very near indeed to that coveted honour the other day. I am entirely with the many people who think that Ireland should have won. They were leading 3—0 at half-time; and those Irish forwards dominated the game throughout. I am still puzzled as to why we won, 8—6. I don't think we deserved it. Our last try was a lucky one; and our first the result merely of a momentary fumble on the part of Crawford, and not due to any combined attack on our part.

And yet you cannot say we played badly collectively. We didn't. We played extremely well, as a whole, though some individuals seemed to be having an off day. A poor sort of day it was for watching football. But every one of the fifty odd thousand who had journeyed to Twickenham must have been thankful they had not missed those electrifying 80 minutes. Never have I seen such tackling. No man on either side was allowed, except on very rare occasions, to run unmolested for more than a few yards. And some of those loose mauls must have been absolute agony to most of the participants. Naturally, the casualties were frequent and prolonged. Browne, that magnificent little Irish forward, was evidently suffering throughout half the game from concussion. In spite of this he was in the van of every dog-fight, doing his skilful worst. Arthur Young got so badly hacked on the head that the after-part of him ran red with the result of it—but he did not seem to mind. Sellar tackled Pauly, the wing three, once so hard and so fast that one thought he would never rise again from the straw into which both had rolled.

One must not over-individualise about an epic game such as this, nor find fault. But I was extremely puzzled at Arthur Young continuing to throw out from the scrum well over Laird's head towards Corbett, his captain, so that both went for it, and both often missed it in consequence. Laird is a proven "stand-off" and does not deserve this. However, Young played such a sound game, and made two such brilliant runs on his own towards the end that one excuses all that.

I think England as a side was badly rattled by the continued vim and dash and cohesion of those Irish forwards: as was doubtless also our selection committee. The sting was taken out of England's tail. Most of it was in theirs. No single Irishman seemed to tire, though it was the fastest game, on a very hard ground, seen at Twickenham for several years. One or two of our old 'uns began to tire visibly towards the finish, but plugged on manfully. Our side is not right yet. Gibbs's defence on his wing was negligible; and one wanted a sure defence everywhere and at every moment. And we shall against Scotland. We missed Wakefield again badly in those terrific scrums and rapid breakings.

Wakefield must get that knee of his right for the French and Scotch games or his record of "caps" will be in jeopardy. Here is Crawford with his twenty-eighth now. The best full back who ever played for Ireland. A curious Rugger history is his. He played in his first trial in 1910. But it was 1920 before they capped him. A frail-looking little man, maimed permanently in one arm in the war, he is nevertheless still a tiger at a tackle, can get himself and the ball out of any mess, and will go down head first to the whole eight frantic forwards at once. A player who has made history. One of whom people say every year, "Crawford is done"; and still he goes on collecting caps, and richly deserving them.

George Stephenson's place kick for Ireland was one of those terrible moments for English supporters that one sees sometimes on the big occasions. For the ball sailed towards the cross-bar, spent, falling short. But no—it hits the cross-bar and lollops over. Well, he is a great place kicker, and deserved that too. Irishmen say he is the greatest centre three-quarter their country has ever had. A terrific tackler, slightly built as he is. He made his twenty-eighth International appearance in Rugby that day too. So I am afraid "Wakers's" record is doomed to be broken after all.

The best player on the field to my mind, as indeed on most fields at most times, was that little untiring terror W. F. Browne, of the Army and the United Services. Like a lambent flame about the place he is. You can't hurt him, unless you kick him senseless (as somebody did by accident); he is very hard to stop when once away; and he will get away if given a ghost of a chance. There is no finer forward surely in all the four countries? It will be a sad day for Ireland when he stops playing.

It appears necessary at an Ireland-England match, if you have any Irish blood in your veins, to decorate yourself with a green tam-o'-shanter, or a green balloon, or a wealth of green ribbon round your hatband—and to shout for hours beforehand; and to acquire "a bit of a brogue" in your speech as well as your shoes. To make, in fact, a tremendous demonstration of yourself. I suppose this is all right—one's country first, and all that. But the difficult part must be the getting away, very silently, in the long walking mass of observant eyes which progresses slowly along those Twickenham roads, all dolled up like this. Requires a considerable bit of pluck, to my mind. But then, of course, it's an understood fact that pluck and Irish are synonymous terms.

By Mac.

TWO FORWARDS OF NOTE

A. Cassayet (left), the captain of the French XV and leader of the forwards, and (right) T. O. Pike, a lively member of the Irish pack

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H.P.

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

Lady Masters of Foxhounds

Miss Mabel Alexina Usborne, of Purcell Cole, Writtle—daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Usborne, M.P.—who farms her own land, and is a justice of the peace for the County of Essex, has been unanimously requested by the Committee of the Essex Hunt, of which she has always been a keen supporter, to undertake the Mastership of the Harlow Pack, which will be vacated by Col. Seymour Gosling at the end of the present season. There are already half a dozen Lady Masters of Foxhounds: Miss Beit (Hertfordshire); Miss Lloyd Thomas, jointly with Lieut.-Col. F. Welwyn, D.S.O. (Monmouthshire); Lady Yarrow, jointly with Mr. W. J. Yorke-Scarlett (Tedworth Woodland); the Hon. Eileen Berry and Miss Guest, who hunt their own packs; and in Ireland Mrs. W. Hall (Carlow). Among other ladies who have held the office in the past are, first and foremost, the famous Marchioness of Salisbury, who was Master of the Hatfield Hunt from 1775 to 1819, when she was seventy years of age; and in recent years Evelyn Countess of Craven, Lady Masham, Mrs. and Miss Inge, Mrs. Blandy-Jenkins, Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, Mrs. C. Parker, Miss W. B. Whitaker, and Mrs. F. Keith Simmons.

Harriers and Beagles

In addition to the foregoing, among the Masters of Harriers and Beagles are Miss Spooner (Sperling Harriers), Miss E. H. Arnold (Gosport and Fareham Beagles), Miss Betty Dawes (Blean Beagles), Miss G. C. Roberts (Durham Foot Harriers), Miss Winifred L. Savill (Wolverston Beagles), and Miss Ena H. Adams, who hunts her own Bassett Hounds. Of the new Masters among the mere men, Mr. Vincent W. Yorke, of Foothampton Court, Tewkesbury, has been unanimously elected to succeed Major Ian Bullough in the command of the Ledbury Foxhounds; while, as already announced, Lieut.-Col. Cecil Spence-Colby will hunt the Forest of Dean side of the country. Other Mastership which will be vacant are those of the Southdown and the Tedworth, as both Mr. R. Cardwell and Mr. Kenneth Kemble are giving up.

Special Press

OUT WITH THE BEAUFORT

Miss J. Crawshay, a clever young horsewoman who took several prizes at Olympia last year, photographed at a recent meet of the Beaufort. This took place at Broadenstoke

Jim Bailey

At a time when most hunting people were either frozen out or fog-bound the publication by Vinton and Co., of Brigadier-General C. D. Bruce's book on the Essex Foxhounds was both opportune and welcome. It is a companion volume to that written by Mr. Frank Ball and Mr. Tresham Gilbey in 1895, and brings the history of the Hunt up to date. The most entertaining part is that relating to Jim Bailey, "that stocky little chap," as Lord Lambourne always calls him, who hunted hounds from the Harlow Kennels for 41 years. Of the many interesting stories told about "the best huntsman Essex ever had" perhaps the most characteristic is that of his donning clerical attire and attaching side-whiskers to his rosy cheeks in order to turn down foxes in a district where they were scarce without his purpose being discovered.

Lord Harris and the Tickham

Besides well-earned renown as the head of Kent cricket, Lord Harris has always been a keen hunting man. With the exception of the years 1890-95, when he was Governor of Bombay, and used to hunt with the Poona and Kirkee Hounds, of which the late Col. A. W. Sheringham was then Master and huntsman, his active association with the Tickham Hunt, of which he was Master jointly with Mr. W. C. Dawes from 1910 to 1914, has now reached its 65th season.

RACING NOTIONS

By "Carbine"

Percy Whittaker

The Grand National has never been a lucky race for Captain Percy Whittaker. In spite of all his most capable endeavours, and in spite of all the good horses which he has trained, this coveted prize has so far eluded him both as a trainer and rider. His disappointments with Arravale are fresh in mind, and when that horse passed from his care and out of serious consideration as a possible Liverpool winner it was thought that Whittaker had given up all idea of riding in public again. I was surprised therefore to hear him say after his own horse Wild Swan broke down at Nottingham recently he had intended to ride him in this year's National. Now I learn that he is ill and unable for the time being to supervise the training of Master Billie and Knight of the Wilderness, although there is every reason to hope that when these notes appear he will be about again. The death of his promising 'chaser, Swordsman, at Lingfield, was poor news for an invalid.

Jack Horner and His Rider

Mr. Harry Brown has also failed so far to win the Grand National, but his prospects have never been brighter in this respect than they are at the moment. He is to ride Jack Horner, and when that arrangement was first announced it was sufficient to make the horse favourite for the race. This is reasonable, even if the short price offered against him is not. Only three horses have won the race twice in successive years, but one would not expect the proportion to be greater than that. Twelve months is a long period in the career of a race horse, and his form can undergo a marked change in that time. I am one of those who believe, however, that Jack Horner has improved considerably since he won the race last year, and in spite of the increased weight it is probable that his task is no more difficult than it was twelve months ago. In spite of the fact that his efforts so far as the Grand National is concerned have been unsuccessful Mr. Harry Brown has no superior over the Liverpool country.

Helter Skelter

Lord Derby's Helter Skelter has become a much-discussed candidate for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Stanley House has not often concerned itself seriously with this race in the past, but in this colt they certainly have one admirably suited to the task. He is a fast miler, and I am inclined to think that something went wrong with his programme last year, and that in consequence we did not see the best of him. If this is correct and he comes through his preparation satisfactorily we may find that the handicapper has given him a winning chance. It would be a splendid start for Frank Butters, who now trains Lord Derby's horses, to win it.

The Betting Tax Yield

The figures for the months of November, December and January show that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will not obtain more than half the revenue he anticipated from the Betting Tax up to the end of the financial year. The total receipts up to the end of January were approximately half a million pounds. A point which strikes me is that, disappointing though this figure may be to the Treasury, it is an enormous sum to take out of the betting market in such a short period. It has gone, and unlike most individual or collective winnings, will not return to the game. Those of us who know the present enfeebled state of the market and the small amount of new money which the public can find for betting at the moment realise that if this drain continues the duty in its present form will defeat its own purpose by reducing the volume of betting to a tenth of what it was in pre-tax days.

THE HOOK OF HOLLAND

BY STARR WOOD

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When the winds of chance blow roughly — keep on.
An even balance of inspiration and understanding, has helped many a man to battle through: and it is unfailingly found in —

DEWAR'S

Femina

FADS

By MRS. M. VINCE

ONE sometimes comes across the oddest fads about houses. They are distinct from the fashions of the moment, for they are quite personal; and they are usually inexplicable. Those who have them do not realise that they need any explaining. Very often, even if they tried, they could not explain them.

OUR houses often suffer by the fashions, but these personal fads, these unexplained likes and dislikes, are much more difficult. In the first place, unlike the fashions, they do not pass. In the second place, you cannot reason with them. You can point out to anyone that the fashion of the moment may be unsuitable for a particular house or room; but it is much harder to point out that a personal fad is absurd.

I KNOW one man who refuses to have any yellow in his house. He does not know why. He simply will not have it. It seems very easy to do as he says and "just leave out yellow; there are all the other colours to choose from." But when one remembers that there are only three primary colours, that each has a special property in decorating, that yellow is one of these, and that it is the colour which gives most light to a room, one realises what a very serious thing it is to say of a whole house, "Just leave out yellow."

THEN I know a woman whom it is very hard to persuade to have window curtains. She also has no reason to give for disliking them; but is there any reason? It is worth asking that question, for window curtains are very modern, and people got on very well without them for many centuries. Why do we have them, almost as a matter of course, now? If you look at some of the Dutch paintings of interiors in the seventeenth century you will see that while they had heavily curtained beds, their windows were curtainless. Instead, they had shutters. Shutters were needed for safety, but there was no need for curtains as well, for people went early to bed, and rooms were little used by artificial light. Nowadays, when we use our rooms for many more hours after dark, although we have less need of shutters, we have found the need of window curtains or window blinds, and we choose curtains because of the two they are much the more beautiful. There are only two practical reasons urged against curtains: that they shut out the light by day, and that they gather the dirt. But it is only badly made curtains which do either of these things. If they are well made, cut the proper length, well hung, and properly drawn back, then the window curtains will do neither.

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A MAGICIAN'S FIANCÉE

Miss Isabel Jenkinson, of Maidstone, whose Mr. Noel Maskelyne was recently announced. H made his first appearance at Maskelyne's Theatre the fourth member of the famous family of ma on the stage

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They are fated to go on playing with things and snatching what happy moments they can. I have enjoyed some of Mr. Coke's novels more than his latest, but, like the others, it bears the stamp of truth on every page, and is altogether very well done. (Perhaps it is more particularly a woman's book.)

❊

With the coming of the telephone and the taxicab and the typewriter, the art of letter-writing has gone out of fashion. One scribbles a note, if it is really essential, but one rarely sits down to compose an epistle—that is the right word—which could go unedited into print. And, of course, the novelists have long ago given up the idea of allowing their characters to tell their story through this medium. Yet it can be a very good medium indeed, and I personally was glad to see Roy Devereux adopting it in her new novel, *Blue Magic* (Crosby Lockwood: 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

Here, indeed, are some most admirable letters, which paint their writers' characters with almost ideal clarity. And quite possibly they reveal the rather curious and unplaceable but most moving story which Mrs. Devereux is telling even better than plain narrative could have done. In a sense it is a story of a woman with a touch of genius searching for freedom, and finding that its discovery may not always bring with it what is wanted. At the same time, it is the story of many kinds of love; a human document, to use an old-fashioned phrase, which may be interpreted in different ways. Also there is a queer and rather fascinating mystery hanging over things. You understand this wild Barbara and are drawn to her, like Horace Thorne and the others, but—there is something about her that is alien, and perhaps that fact explains the unexpected last chapter. But it is a novel to read and enjoy, and its form need not put you on guard. Letters, as Mrs. Devereux shows, can be of the greatest possible interest.

❊

As far as I can see, Doris Leslie's first novel, *The Starling* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), has all the qualities which go to make up a big popular success. Little Marcia Fennell's story may be slightly more dramatic than most modern women's, but she stands for the young person of to-day, who asks for a good time and the something else with it which the gods are so chary of giving.

We meet her first as a war-widow engaged to a nice rich Charles, but a good-looking young dramatist with peculiar manners steps in between them. Roy, however, fades away, as does an American Jew sculptor and a certain Lord Peter. (It sounds almost scandalously improper.) Then we follow her to Florence, where Charles reappears, and at long last the good time is accepted without that most precious something else.

Miss Leslie has a keen eye for character. The writing, moreover, is good—in the modern way—and for a first novel shows none of those callow touches which so often mar even the most original work.

Vaughan and Freeman

DORIS LESLIE

. novel, "The Starling," went into its second ore publication. She is the widow of the late Leslie, who was a member of the Old Vic company, as also wes she

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FANCY STUNTS

LET 'EM ALL COME

By "THE KENNELMAN"

FROM the (traditionally doggy) Manchester district comes a letter containing this exhortation :—

"Having gathered from your Notes that you are neither stunter nor sentimentalist, I would recommend you to take a firm stand against the tendency to introduce fancy stunts into Dog Shows, which I am sure must be sickening serious fanciers and breeders. When I enter my Dogs for a Show it is to have them judged by experts on their points as specimens of a given breed; not for fancy competitions to amuse outsiders, or to illustrate the preferences of people who hardly know a Spaniel from a Retriever—'Most popular Dog in the Show,' etc. Stupid nonsense! The proper concern of Shows is with points and type."

Sorry! But I can't agree. The importance of points and type is too obvious (and, too, generally recognised and allowed for, I think) to require stressing. But, with all respect to the Manchester reader be it said, if Dog Shows are truly to serve one of their most truly serviceable objects, they must materially help to educate public taste and opinion regarding Dogs; and to do that they must attract the general public, as well as the informed amateurs and connoisseurs, *and interest them.* Points and type only begin to interest the average person after the acquisition of some technical knowledge. Prior to that kind of education must come interest in Dogs *per se*; and in that connection the "fancy stunts" derided by this correspondent have very real value. Their modest, and so far tentative, introduction into Shows has already improved the attendance of the general non-expert public; and that's all to the good. At the risk of excommunication by the severer pundits, "The Kennelman" makes bold to say that, so far from being washed out, these non-technical competitions and *generally* popular features should be increased and enlarged in scope. No exhibitor is obliged to enter for them. But, as a matter of fact, it should be just as entertaining, and perhaps more practically serviceable, to the serious fancier and breeder to be enabled to note, for example, what particular Dog proves by vote the most popular and admired among the non-expert outside public. Again, there are various forms of competition highly (and very naturally) interesting to the general public which, apart from expertly judged points and type, tend to encourage the more intelligent and careful training and education of our best Dogs. And that's a matter of first-rate importance, in which British fanciers (who admittedly produce the finest Dogs in the world) are inclined to lag behind doggy competitors in some other countries, and pedigree horse-breeders, for example, in our own country.

Enquirers regarding professional women Dog doctors and nurses might obtain information from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. There are many women Dog nurses, some of whom run Dog hospitals; and there is at least one fully qualified woman veterinary surgeon. Also, quite recently, a woman received a University degree as Bachelor of Veterinary Science—Miss E. G. Knight, at Liverpool University. If the R.C.V.S. were to institute a separate pass for Canine Specialists (demanding no training in the treatment of cattle, horses, etc.) there is no doubt many admirably qualified women would enter the profession, and Dog-keepers generally would benefit by being able to learn at a glance just who among practising vets. are specially qualified to treat Dogs and who are not—a notable point.

March is the time fixed for the big Canine Exposition at the Palace in the Principality of Monaco. The Princess is showing keen interest, and the management aim at making this *the* fashionable Riviera doggy festival.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

A FUNNY FALLACY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ONE of the strangest and most persistent delusions is that a singleton of, or chicane in, a suit increases the value of Declarer's hand.

This fallacy is held not only by beginners, but by experienced players who ought to know better. How often does one hear the remark, "I had to go on, partner, because I had only a singleton of the opponents' suit"!

There seems to be a muddle-headed idea that because you can ruff a suit on the first or second round that it adds in some mysterious way to the value of your trumps.

Now, of course it is true that when you hold none or only one of a suit declared by your opponents the deduction is that they hold a large number of that particular suit, and therefore you want to prevent them playing the game in their call if you possibly can. That is quite reasonable and right. But the fallacy lies in supposing that your weakness in their suit adds to the value of your hand, and that you can "stretch" the bidding on this account.

. . . . . .

To make my meaning perfectly clear, let us suppose you hold six Hearts to the Ace, King, Queen, and no other cards of value. That hand is worth probably five tricks, possibly six tricks if Hearts are trumps. But its value is not increased because you have only one Spade or no Spades. If Hearts are not trumps your hand may be worth two tricks in defence, or possibly only one. But because your opponents bid Spades, of which you have a singleton, your hand is no more valuable than if you held three or four little Spades. Thus you hold :—S.—3; H.—A, K, Q, 7, 5, 2; D.—9, 7, 4; C.—J. 5, 3. Your hand is worth probably five tricks if Hearts are trumps. Now alter it a little. You hold :—S.—9, 6, 3; H.—A, K, Q, 7, 5, 2; D.—9, 7; C.—J, 5. Your hand is still of the same value. The fact that you hold three Spades instead of one makes it neither better nor worse.

. . . . . .

Or take this case. You hold :—H.—A, K, Q, J, 10, 9 Your hand is worth a certain six tricks if Hearts are trumps. But it is worth no more because you have a singleton Spade or are bare in the suit. You cannot make your trumps twice over. And yet you will find many players constantly over-rating and over-bidding their hands just because they can get an early ruff.

So far from a singleton or chicane being a strength to Declarer, it is more often than not a weakness that may destroy the value of his hand. This is particularly the case where the Declarer has five, or even six, of his trump suit and a side suit which he wishes to establish. Forcing him to trump may entirely spoilt his game.

Here is an example from actual play :—Z held S.—None; H.—A, K, 10, 7, 5, 3; D.—8; C.—K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 4; and bid up to five Hearts against four Spades. He was doubled, and lost 400 points.

. . . . . .

Unlucky, you may say, for his hand was a two-suiter of undoubted potential strength if his Dummy had fitted. The idea was, of course, that he would trump the first Spade led, clear Hearts, and establish his Clubs. But when Spades were led he had to part with a trump at once. That reduced his trumps to five, and finding four to the Queen, Jack against him, he was "in the soup." Undoubtedly he was influenced psychologically in the valuation of his hand by the fact that he had no Spades. That fact, I agree, may have reasonably induced him to go on in order to save the game or the rubber. But it was no excuse for his over-rating the value of his hand without support from his partner.

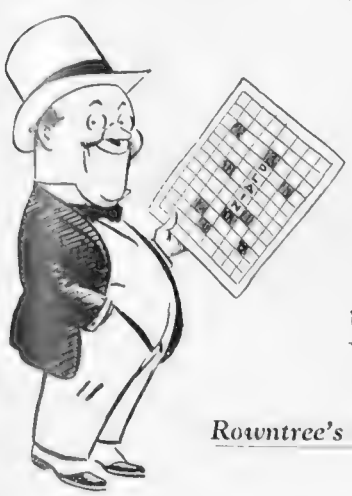
The mistake arises from counting small trumps as worth more than their average value simply because one can make them early in play. Six trumps headed by Ace, King will on average make five tricks, but they will not make more because you can trump your opponents' suit on the first or second round.

"It's plain it's PLAIN!"
said Mr. York.

I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks

I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
I wonder how THIS *crossword works?*
They give YORK for the clue
For five letters—now who
Could help getting PLAIN YORK
from York, Yorks?

"Number One across — Hawaiian Carboy?" pondered Mr. York. "Number Two — Bessarabian Samovar? If all the clues are like this I shan't get done to-night. Let's try Number 5 down. Five letters and the clue is York. Why it's plain it's PLAIN. Now we're started."



Mr. York was so overcome by his success in getting out one clue that he broke off. In fact, he broke off a handy chunk from the cake of Plain York Chocolate.

"Plain York is always a splendid thing to start on," he murmured, "and to keep going on, too. PLAIN is the clue for cross-country walks as well as for crossword puzzles. It's so delightful and so nourishing; with a biscuit or two and an apple it's a real good meal.

It makes you independent instead of inn-dependent . . ."

And Mr. York's final advice to *you*, when you're wrestling with these crosswords is—have a cake of PLAIN YORK on the table beside you, and enjoy it!

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

CHOCOLATE

and get the latest, most splendid eating chocolate.
½ lb. cakes 1/-; also 6d. cakes, 2d. bars, etc.

Rowntree's **MOTORING** *Chocolate. Plain York (or Milk) with Almonds & Raisins;*
Plain York (red label), ½ lb., 1/1; also 6d. cakes.
Milk (blue label), ½ lb., 1/2; also 6d. cakes and 2d. bars.

MOTOR NOTES

PLYMOUTH BOUND

Mr. H. H. Sanders, the Chief Constable of Plymouth, photographed beside his new 14 h.p. Bean saloon car, of which he took delivery in London, whilst on a visit to New Scotland Yard. It was purchased through the Princess Motor Company, of Plymouth

A FRIEND of mine recently had a brand new motor car seriously damaged through no fault of his own. The cause was a steam lorry which was careering along the highway in slightly foggy weather, emitting vast clouds of steam. The absence of wind resulted in a perfect "steam screen" being spread over the road for a considerable distance behind the lorry, and it was utterly impossible for any car to overtake the steam emitter without taking serious risks. My friend naturally kept behind, uncertain of the location of the lorry itself, owing to the general obscurity, and was soon ahead of a long column of cars endeavouring to overtake. Conditions became so bad that he turned on his lights, and the next thing he knew was that a medium-sized car suddenly leapt on to the front of his. The driver of the offending car explained that from his end of the lorry visibility was good, except for a slight cloud of steam across the road, but when he attempted to drive through this he suddenly found that the cloud was so thick that he lost all sense of direction, and ultimately found himself on top of my friend's car. The moral is:—"Beware of steam lorries on a misty day."

***

MANY times I have been thankful that I have no connection with the practice of advertising, because I know that those who have made a study of this profession have a very exhausting time. In my position as cursory observer, spending most of my time on the road, I have, however, an opportunity of forming my own opinions regarding the personal appeal of this or that advertisement, particularly as regards anything connected with motoring. In my recent travels no display advertisement has impressed me more than one by a well-known *Punch* artist depicting sundry racehorses at the start, of which two have got away cleanly. This well-executed poster illustrates in a striking manner the advantages of quick starting. I am making no reference to the firm responsible for this poster, and no prize will be offered for the correct solution!

***

NO motorist is more miserable than when he is driving in fog. The clammy darkness surrounding him allows him to have only the vaguest idea of his direction and his whereabouts. The recent generous allowance of this undesirable commodity which we have lately received has caused many motorists to give greater appreciation to those vehicles which run on rails. With a tram or a train there is no uncertainty about direction and I think most car drivers will agree that steering in fog is their greatest problem. The traffic authorities in the big

(*Continued on page* viii)

MAPPIN & WEBB LTD.

158-162, OXFORD ST. W.1. 172, REGENT ST. W.1.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4.
LONDON.

STERLING SILVER CUPS AND BOWLS

Mappin & Webb's Cups and Bowls are solid and of substantial weight, strong and simple in construction and embody in their design the best features of the modern and the old. A fully illustrated Catalogue will be sent upon request.

13" high £10 . 10 . 0 8" high £7 . 10 . 0 5½" diam. £5 . 5 . 0

COPE'S
'High Card'
Virginia Flake
TOBACCO

1/-
1OZ

Pure and fully matured American Virginia Tobacco, free from added scent or flavour. Every leaf hand selected.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD.
Liverpool, London & Glasgow

THE FAMOUS
WILLIAMS
LATHER
prevents after-shaving tenderness

The pure oils of which Williams is composed form a thin film between the razor and the cheek, preventing friction. They also have a soothing effect on the skin, so that, when the pleasant shave is over, your face feels cool and comfortable

PRICES:
Shaving Cream 1/3 per Tube
Holder-Top Shaving Stick 1/3 per Stick
Refills - 1/- each

TRIAL SAMPLE OFFER.—For 3d. in stamps we will send you a sample tube of Williams famous Shaving Cream or a stick of Shaving Soap. This sample will be enough to convince you of the truth of the merit claimed above.
The J. B. Williams Co.,
Dept. 31. 103, St. John St., E.C.1.

Williams
Holder-Top
Shaving
Stick

A physician writes in the "*Medical Press & Circular*": ***"Sanatogen has an immediate and remarkable effect shown by a steady increase of strength and energy."***

Hullo!
What's the trouble—Nerves?

"Now really, is there anything to cry about?"

"Oh, I feel so unhappy."

"Yes, so I see. But crying without any real cause can only mean one thing: Nerves. You should try Sanatogen for a few weeks. It will brace you up wonderfully and once your nerves and blood are right you will feel yourself again—more disposed to laugh than to cry. And it will give you new appetite too, and bring colour to your cheeks. It has done that very thing for me."

Sanatogen infuses into the cells of blood and nerves exactly those elements — phosphorus and albumin—from which bodily health and nerve-strength are derived. Over 24,000 physicians have written enthusiastic letters about the success they obtained with Sanatogen.

Dame Sarah Grand, Mayoress of Bath, writes: ***"Nothing ever does me so much good when I am run-down as Sanatogen. It has set me up and kept me up again and again."***

And Miss Olga Nethersole, founder of the People's League of Health, writes: ***"It is with great pleasure that I recommend Sanatogen, having greatly benefited by its effects."***

SANATOGEN
The True Tonic-Food

When you feel nervous or run-down, take Sanatogen for a few weeks and feel the difference in your own health.

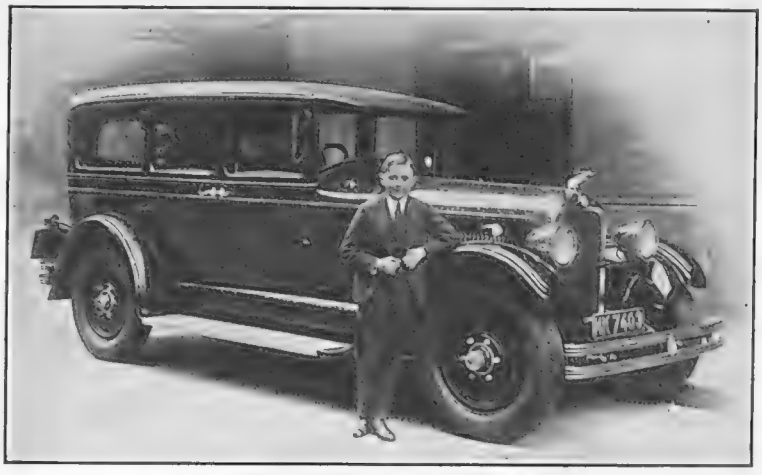
Obtainable at all chemists from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

cities and towns do their best to mark congested areas by flares or such similar devices, but when the motorist is trying to find the way home to his garage, up a sparsely lighted thoroughfare, the advantages of rails are only too obvious to him. The problem of fog driving for motorists is very, very far from a solution.

* * *

On cold and frosty mornings there are some—I might almost say many—cars which are difficult to start from cold, particularly if the engine is of large dimensions. On some of the more expensive cars special devices are provided to supply a rich mixture in the induction pipe which will ensure an ignitable substance in the combustion chambers. In some cases this is done by a hand-operated pump which sprays fuel into the induction pipe. In other cases neat petrol has to be injected through taps either on the induction pipe or through the compression taps. I have just received details of a fitment manufactured by a firm of world-wide fame which tackles the problem in a different and, to all appearances, a more efficient manner. It is a product of the famous Bosch firm and is known as the Bosch Primer. Its most notable feature is that it is electrically operated, and all the driver has to do is to "press a button." A compact device is inserted between the carburetter and the engine. On pressing the button petrol is electrically drawn into a small chamber, and is then expelled in a fine spray into the induction pipe. As often as the button is operated, so often is the petrol sprayed. A booklet describing this novel device may be obtained from J. A. Stevens, Ltd., Upper Rathbone Place, London, W.1.



THE "STAR" AND THE CAR

Wee Georgie Wood, the famous music hall comedian, who, despite his length of years, still maintains an astonishingly youthful appearance. He is seen standing by his car, a Big Six Studebaker President Saloon

* * *

I have just received the Brooklands Year Book for 1927, which is obtainable from the B.A.R.C., price 1s., plus postage. The new Handbook has been considerably extended in its scope, a notable feature being a list of the winners of the more important races last season, with their handicaps and average speeds. This information may be of use to punters during the coming season. Speaking of Brooklands reminds me that the R.A.C. has recently issued the regulations of the 1927 Grand Prix, which will be held on the Brooklands track on October 1.

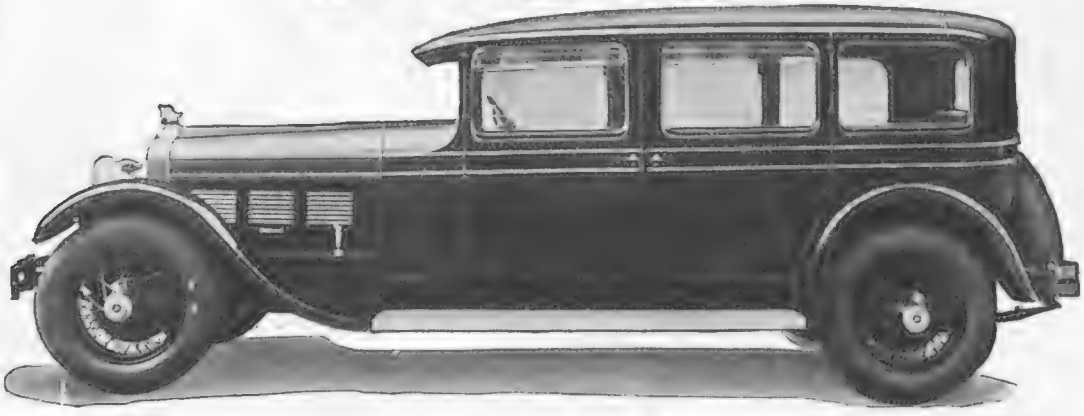
* * *

It is a notable achievement for a British manufacturer to produce a full-sized 20 h.p. six-seater four-door saloon at a price of £550. This is the price of the Austin Twenty "Carlton" saloon made by the Austin Motor Co., Ltd., of Longbridge, Birmingham. I have had considerable experience with one of these cars recently, and I consider that its makers should be congratulated on such an exceptionally fine production. The engine power is ample for any class of work, while the car is reasonably economical in its running. Its appearance is good, while the comfort provided is of a high order. With such an excellent product as this, the steady progress of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd., is scarcely a matter of wonder.

George C. Stead.

The New Safety

STUTZ



AMERICA'S CAR DE LUXE and the World's safest Car. Unparalleled stability due to lowest centre of gravity. Hydrostatic four wheel brakes.

INSTANT ACCELERATION and speed up to 85 m.p.h. 8 cylinder vibrationless motor, safety glass, and many other exclusive features.

PRICES FROM £995

May we send you particulars, or arrange a trial run? Anytime-Anywhere.

Warwick Wright Ltd.

150 New Bond Street, W.1. (Mayfair 2904)

The BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1927

AT FOXGROVE GOLF CLUB, BECKENHAM, KENT

[Station: Beckenham Junction, S.R.]

A Silver Cup for the Winning Professional—

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY VALUED AT £500

—and a similar cup to be awarded to his Lady Partner

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over 36 holes (Medal Play).

Professionals to be rated at plus 4 Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.
Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

Invitations are limited to 60 pairs.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicaps, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision shall be final. A DRAW will be made for starting times.

All Ties for 1st, 2nd or 3rd places must be played off next day over 18 holes.

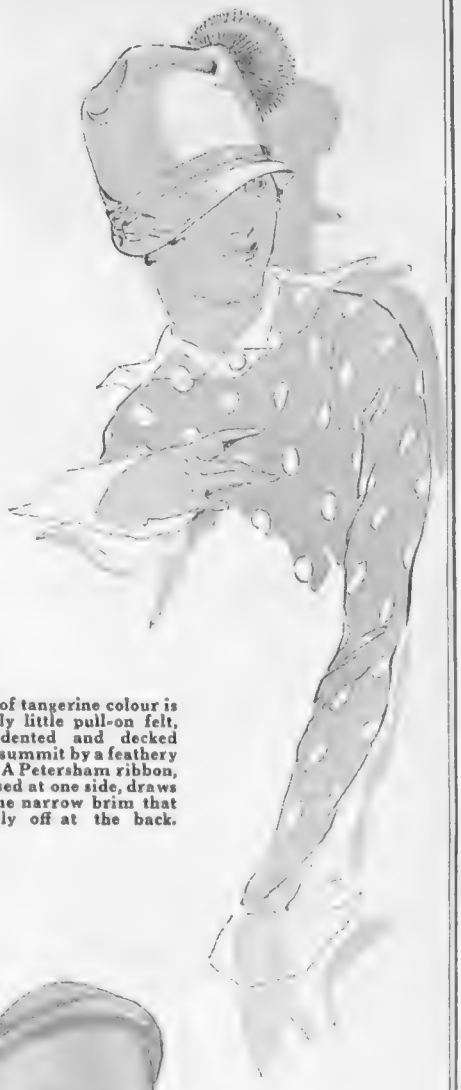
Invitations have been issued to 60 clubs in and around London. All competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8th and 9th, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

MILLINERY

Indicating the Eclectic Spirit Prevailing in Shape and Colour

DEEP salaams to Messrs. Henry Heath, Oxford Street, for so quickly entering the arena with hats of a novel and inspiring order. We women merely want a firm lead—which is unquestionably supplied at a house some are apt rather exclusively to associate with the tailor-made brand. Without straining after the extreme, the powers here have hit just the right note in models that are essentially wearable and yet very much of the moment in Paris and London.

Of natural Bangkok, this hat at the back has the up-turned brim finished with a ruffled bind and smart bow of royal blue velvet; the front bind and crown band are of putty coloured silk, the latter surmounted by a narrow line of royal blue.



A symphony of tangerine colour is the above jolly little pull-on felt, the crown dented and decked almost at the summit by a feathery tuft in tone. A Petersham ribbon, the ends crossed at one side, draws attention to the narrow brim that tapers smartly off at the back.

The *cloche* is not wholly absent in this model of lacquer-red pedal straw, though the high, slightly receding crown makes for distinction, as also the ribbon treatment, which finishes in a flat important bow in front.

Brims rolled up one side the front are a marked feature; a vogue reflected in this close-fitting shape of reseda felt, to the crown of which there is given an ultra high coronal movement.

The vagabond in its latest expression is inclined to run to height, an effect tempered by cute little dents and folds. The example pictured is carried out in royal blue felt relieved by a novelty ornament of paste and pearls.

FASHIONS' FANCIES

BY MRS JACK MAY.

The top *pochette* is of black *moiré* and satin, the next is embroidered *faille*, and the third of morocco. At Mappin & Webb's

Here is a large "Last Minute" satchel, also a useful bag with fitted interior, and the new *pochette* bag. At Mappin & Webb's

THOSE possessed of imagination and resource should be able to dress quite well and inexpensively this Spring, since clothes are so extraordinarily interchangeable. The same long mannish coat, for example, can be worn with a simple jumper-suit of stockinette or a more feminine pleated frock of *crêpe de Chine*; and in any case, provided the colour harmonises or tones, the *ensemble* is complete. And the *ensemble* can do no wrong, however it is expressed, in three, four, or even five pieces. It is permissible to wear a skirt of one material, probably figured, a jumper of a self shade, and a coat of a third, all whereof can with a little ingenuity and management be made interchangeable, and, moreover, added to as occasions demand. It is in every way an uplifting and inspiring situation—one, moreover, most ably assisted by manufacturers, who are busy flooding the market with original fabrics in wool, silk, and wool and silk combined, artificial silk and cotton. The figuring for the most part is small, though to make up for this much is of kaleidoscopic colouring.

Bags Beautiful and British made

THERE is probably no toilette detail more prized at the moment by the well-dressed woman, nor one, of a fact, more important, than the handbag; it is capable of imparting a particular *cachet* to the simplest gown. A novelty catches on like a bush fire, and there are many such to be seen at Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street, W., all exclusive designs and British made, which is surely a feather in the cap for little old England. Ornamented with various groups in *marquisite* and silver is a black *moiré pochette*, inset with a diagonal line of satin that throws up the glistening *appliqué*, which in the case of the example pictured depicts a singleton at tennis, complete with figures, net and ball, realistically expressed. Immediately below is a charmingly shaped and exceptionally dainty model of black *faille* silk, enhanced both sides with a sort of tapestry embroidered in delicate pastel colourings, narrowly bound with black kid. The interior is lined with *moiré* silk. A cylindrical motoring bag of morocco in a range of colours is most intriguing. This is fitted with gilt-mounted brushes, etc., has an expanding bag for stray articles, and is as practical as it is persuasive. The "Last Minute" bag, shown in the right-hand group with Zyp clasp, is a veritable joy for travelling and shopping. Built of cross-grain morocco, it is procurable in sizes varying from nine inches in width to fourteen inches. Perfectly flat when closed, like a *pochette*, but of a more expanding character, is the oval-shaped bag of art calf, this boasting a strap, rendered adjustable by two buckles, to meet the dual idea. The final model is of seal, a sturdy skin, perfection for a sturdy, useful bag, with interior pocket fittings.

Smart Stockinette Ensembles

IRRESISTIBLE in every way is the display of early Spring two- and three-piece suits of stockinette and fancy materials of a like ilk at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. To these and knitted wear a salon is devoted on the ground floor, and it is well worth a visit. That the *ensembles* will sell as the proverbial hot cake is a safe surmise, for there are styles to suit all figures and tastes. Of the sleeveless cardigan order is the coat shown on the left-hand figure. This is carried out in a small fancy check to match the pleated skirt, which is completed by an upper part of putty-coloured stockinette. As the latter is fitted with sleeves it can be worn with or without the coat. Ideally useful is the other coat, cardigan type again, but with sleeves of sapphire-blue stockinette, to which there is toned a check material in grey and blue for the straight full wrap-over skirt and buttoned up waistcoat. This model is also particularly desirable in the new and modish shade of mulberry. At 6½ guineas Debenham's are offering some delightful long coats for slipping on after games, in self-shade stockinette faced with a smart check. And for 4½ guineas there is a range of stockinette jumper-suits with Vicuna check skirts, these box-pleated in

The *ensemble* cardigan suit on the left-hand figure is of a fancy checked material in many colours, with the top of putty coloured stockinette. On the right, skirt and waistcoat of small check grey and blue, accompanied by a coat of deep sapphire-blue stockinette. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street

front and mounted on to a hip band for flatness. Models smart enough for town, and equally suitable for the country, these should be quickly sought and secured.

Fragrant and Fascinating

THAT, in a nutshell, exactly describes the new Fetiche—an arresting title—series recently produced by L. T. Piver, which includes perfume, powders, bath crystals, soap, etc.—in fact, everything pertaining to the fastidious woman's toilet. There is in Fetiche, as in all good perfumes, something so elusive and subtle as to be wholly indescribable. It not only soothes, lulls, and caresses the senses, but maintains that impression to the end; and composed as it is of the purest essences, never clings, clogs, or nauseates. These preparations, moreover, are rendered unmistakable by the manner in which they are put up in bottles and boxes characterised by an artistic gold and black check board design, the name Fetiche standing out in white letters on red discs. So there is no losing sight of Fetiche when you want it, which you certainly will.

Gaze's at Olympia

The well-known characteristics of the Gaze Stand—No. 32 on the Ground Floor—will be retained at the Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia, but the interior schemes will be on new lines. In the small room will be shown an economical system of Tudor oak panelling suitable for a Lounge, with a typical fireplace treatment, and the furnishings, hangings and lighting all work in with the period scheme. In the large room a distinctive bedroom scheme is arranged. The plain walls are treated in a manner which gives a texture to the surface as well as colour, and are considered merely as a background to the unique examples of walnut reproduction furniture A visit to the Gaze stand will provide a revelation in artistic interior decoration.

THE "OUDS" REHEARSE

Members of the Oxford University Dramatic Society—called in the vulgar tongue the "Ouds"—busily rehearsing "King Lear," which was produced last week. The group includes Mr. J. B. Fernald (Fool), Mr. H. Grisewood (Lear), Miss Dorothy Green (Goneril), and the President of the Club, the Hon. D. B. Buckley (Gloucester). The producer M. Theodore Komisarjevsky, is seen on the extreme right

For Shrove Tuesday

The wrappers which surround the tins of the famous Borwick's Baking Powder are more than ordinary labels, for they have printed upon them many recipes of great interest and value to the housewife and cook. An appropriate one, with the close approach of Shrove Tuesday, kept everywhere as Pancake Day, is a simple but attractive recipe for the making of these delicacies. But quite apart from the practical value of the wrapper, the contents of the tin are such that Borwick's Baking Powder is well worth the money expended on a tin.

A Book of Reference

With the new session of Parliament the need of a really reliable book of reference to the officials of the Crown and Members of Parliament becomes more frequent. The standard work of reference in this connection is, of course, *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*, the 1927 edition of which has now been published. In addition to the personal references, it also contains interesting explanatory details of Parliamentary procedure, expressions, etc., of which, ordinarily, very little is known.

Tickling Throat

Who wants to hear the cock crow? It's a sign you're awake when you shouldn't be.

But a tickling throat won't be denied and breaks your sleep at unearthly hours.

Let an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille dissolve on the tongue at bedtime and sleep in uninterrupted comfort.

There will be no more 'tickling throat' that night.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

NOW READY.

THE
GILBERT & SULLIVAN
OPERAS ILLUSTRATED
SEASON 1926

A unique and exclusive record, including **8 pages** in full colour and scores of other illustrations in black and white, depicting scenes from

All the famous operas produced this season

taken at Princes Theatre exclusively for the above record, by arrangement with Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte

The price of this delightful Winter Gift is **3/6,** or **3/10** post free from the—

Publisher of the GILBERT & SULLIVAN PUBLICATIONS,
The Offices of "THE SPHERE," Great New St., E.C.4

DON'T TAKE ASPIRIN!

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets

(The New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment)

are guaranteed to be

Safer, Quicker, and More Effective, and contain more Vitamin B than other products.

Send for free descriptive treatise on Fevers, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver, Kidneys, Constipation, Anæmia, Nerves, Indigestion, Biliousness, Depression.

Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If unsatisfactory post us empty bottle and we will refund money.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Laboratories, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.1.

BELL-HOWELL
AMATEUR CINE CAMERA

For taking Living Pictures by just pressing a button. 451. Illustrated booklet free.

WALLACE HEATON Ltd.,
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
And at 47, Berkeley Street, W.1, next door to Thos. Cook's Travel Agency.

Take your Cure *at home*

Just a small wineglassful each morning of Rubinat-Llorach, the Pyrenean natural medicinal water, and you secure in your own home all the beneficial effects of the most health-giving spa.

RUBINAT-LLORACH
NATURAL APERIENT WATER

is far richer in valuable medicinal properties than any other known natural water. Of great value in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Stomach, Liver and Kidney trouble.

Prices: 1/6, 2/3 and 3/6. *Of all good Chemists and Stores, or from*
EVERETT & CO., 196, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL

Facing South and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

WHY PAY MORE — THERE IS NO BETTER SHAMPOO THAN
EVAN WILLIAMS
4D
DOES NOT COLOUR THE HAIR

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS.
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.

The Home Beautiful

1927

CRETONNES NEW AND ORIGINAL

"Wisteria Birds" Cretonne
31" wide, 1/1½ per yard.

ARTISTIC in colour and design. In mauve, dame and black.

"THESE Cretonnes are really exquisite and the best I have ever handled," was the expression used by a well-known Art Adviser on viewing Williamson & Cole's collection. Patterns on approval.

CURTAINS AND LOOSE COVERS A SPECIALITY

Book A. 27. Unfadable Printed Casements.
From **1/11½** to **4/11**

Book B. 27. Unfadable Cretonnes, Taffetas and Shadow Prints.
From **2/6** to **7/6**

Book C. 27. 31" Cretonnes for Curtains and Loose Covers.
From **11½d.** to **2/8**

Book D. 27. Cretonnes, including 31" Block Prints and Shadow Tissues.
From **2/9** to **7/3**

Book E. 27. Reversible Cretonnes and Casements.
From **1/-** to **3/11½**

Book F. 27. 50" Cretonnes, Block Prints and Shadow Tissues.
From **4/11** to **15/6**.

WRITE for our book "The Home Beautiful" on how to furnish, including special terms for convenient payments.

Williamson & Cole
HIGH STREET CLAPHAM, S.W.4 LTD

"FORRARD AWAY!"

THE RACE FOR A START
(The Warwickshire at Shuckburgh)

A fine print in colours after the original picture by

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.C.A.,

recently published in "The Tatler," has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) £3 : 3 : 0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1 : 11 : 6

The actual size of the print is 15¾ inches by 9 inches.

The Remarque Proofs in hand-drawn wash-line mounts are signed by the Artist, and the Remarque consists of a "Fox Listening."

The Artist's Proofs, in plain mounts, are signed by the Artist.

ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED STRICTLY IN ROTATION.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (registered postage 1/- extra) from

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

CHIVERS' PURE FOODS

Purveyor of Jams Jellies and Canned English Fruits to his Majesty KING GEORGE V

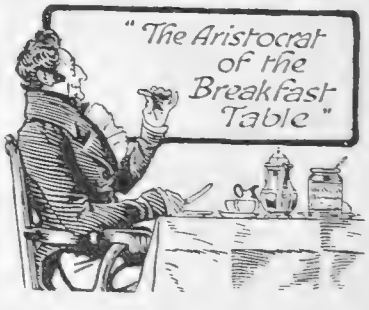
By Appointment

Chivers' Jellies

Delicious, Wholesome, Refreshing.

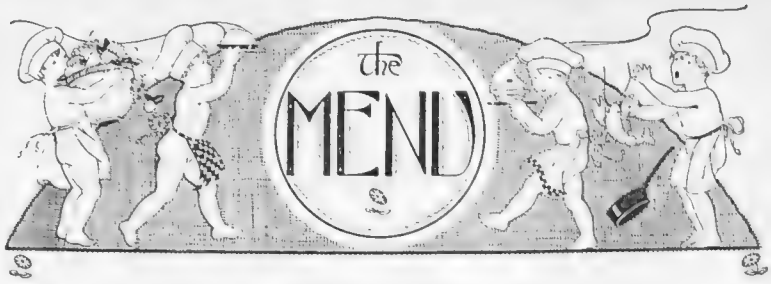
Favourites for over thirty years, they are more popular than ever. Always in season; always welcome.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade



Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties and full natural flavour of the Seville Orange. It has distinction. ". . . It makes breakfast worth while"—so a delighted user sums it up

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.
The Orchard Factory
Histon, Cambridge, England.



DISHES FOR INVALIDS

MEAT ESSENCE No. 1.
MEAT ESSENCE No. 2.
CALF'S FOOT JELLY.
NUTRITIOUS COFFEE.

Meat Essence No. 1

ONE pound of chicken, one pound of veal or mutton, one pound of beef, all of the best quality. Take all fat and sinew from the beef and veal; take off the skin and any fat there may be on the chicken, cut it into small dice, and place in a stone jar. Tie the jar down with paper and string. Then place the jar in a pan of boiling water. Do not, on any account, let the water get into the jar. Boil for six hours. When cold take off any fat. Two tablespoonfuls with or without toast.

Meat Essence No. 2

Two pounds of beef cut into small pieces and perfectly cleared of fat or skin. Put it into a jar without water. Tie it over with bladder and a piece of paper over it. Set it in a pan of cold water, and let it boil slowly for six hours, filling up the pan as the water boils away. Strain the liquor from the beef, set it aside to get cold, skim off any fat that may be on the top. One tablespoonful to be given at a time, either by itself or diluted, hot or cold.

Calf's Foot Jelly

Boil two calf's feet in five pints of water till the feet are broken and the water reduced to two and a half pints. Strain and, when cold, take off the fat and remove the sediment. Put into a saucepan with half a pound of loaf sugar, three-quarters of a pint of sherry, some lemon peel and lemon juice to taste. Add the whites of five eggs, well beaten up, and the broken shells of the eggs. Set the saucepan on the fire, and do not stir the jelly after it begins to heat. Let it boil twenty minutes, then pour it repeatedly through a flannel jelly bag, previously wrung out in hot water. The feet should be scalded before using. Cowheels make a stronger jelly.

Nutritious Coffee

Dissolve a little isinglass in water, then put half oz. of freshly ground coffee into a saucepan with one pint of new milk, which should be nearly boiling before the coffee is added. Boil both together for three minutes, clear it by pouring some of it into a cup, and pour it back again. Add the isinglass, and leave it to settle on the side of the stove for a few minutes. Beat up an egg in a breakfast cup and pour on the coffee. If preferred omit the egg. This is a very old-fashioned recipe. The above recipes will be found good for anyone recovering from influenza. EMILIA.

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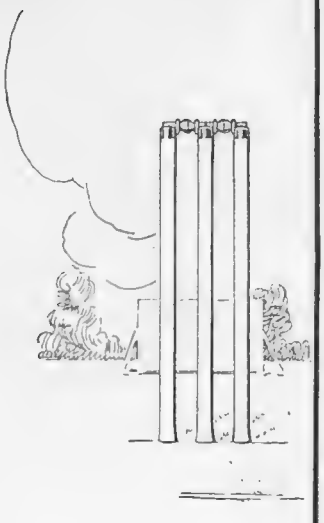

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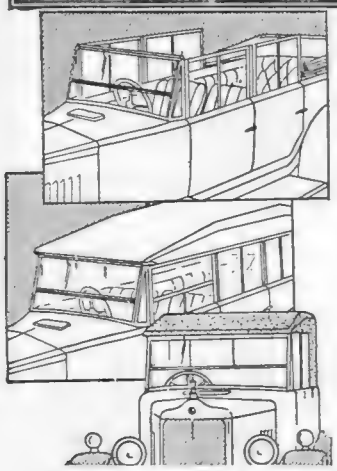

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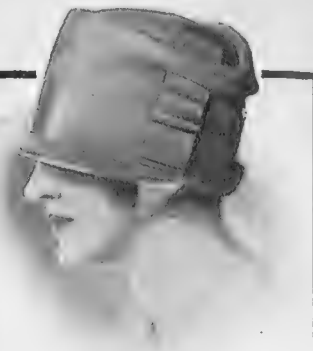

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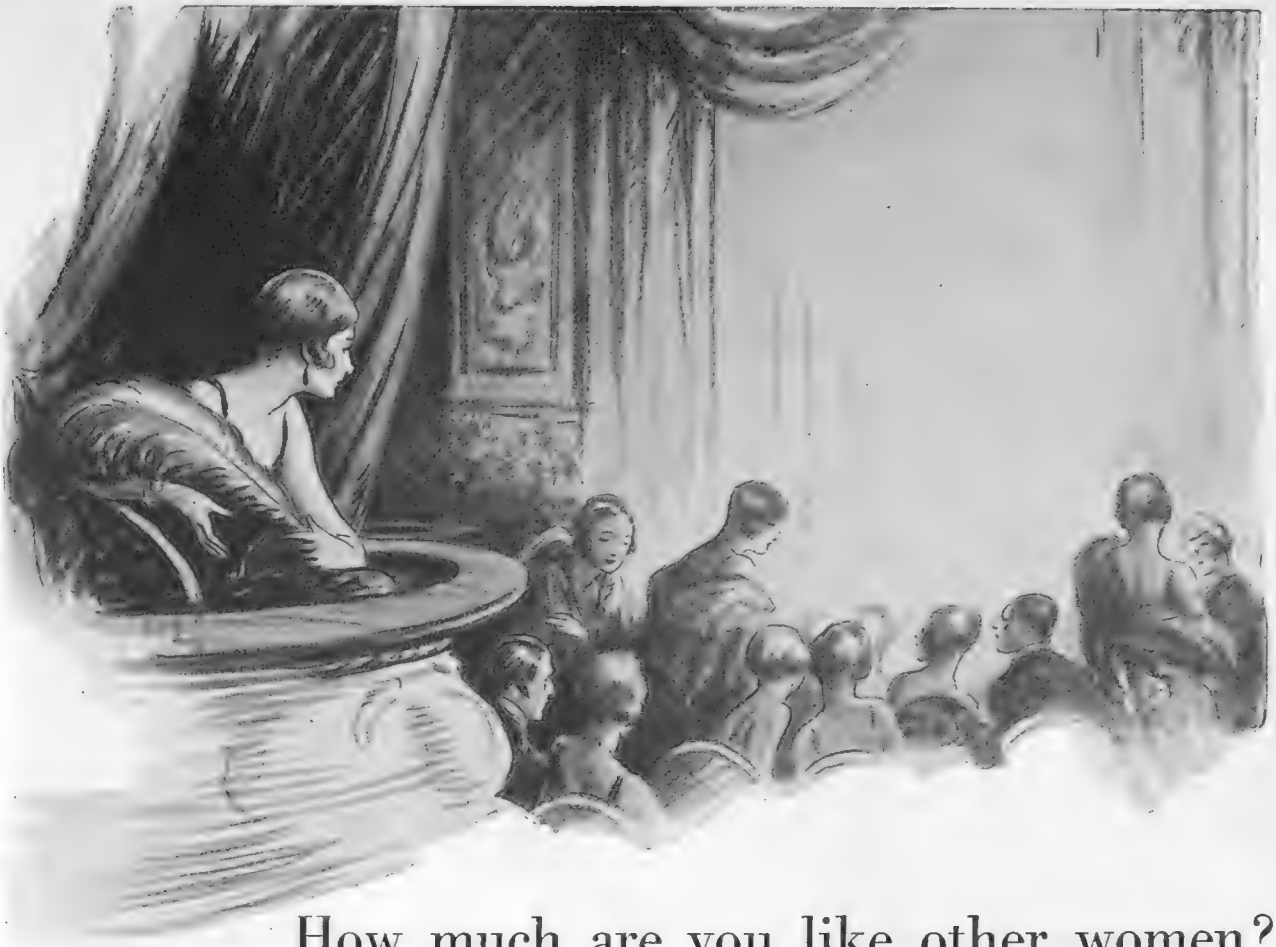

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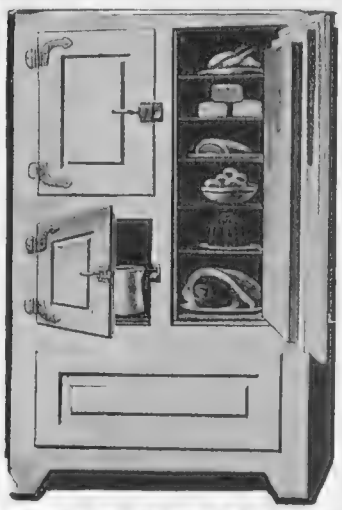

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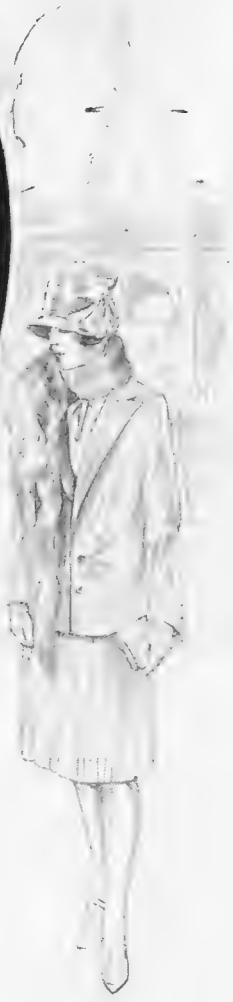

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So this Curlew "Jasmine" Model offers itself as the perfect companion to a perfect spring day.

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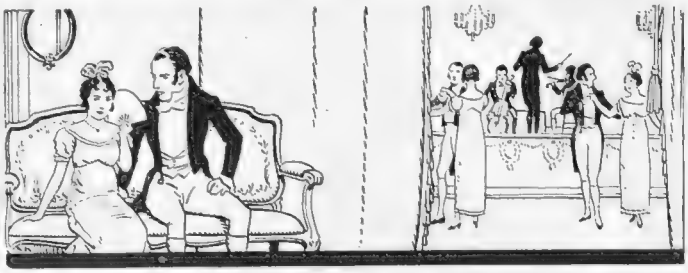

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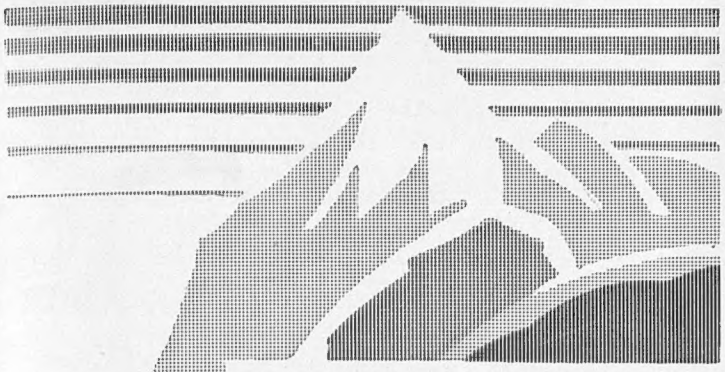

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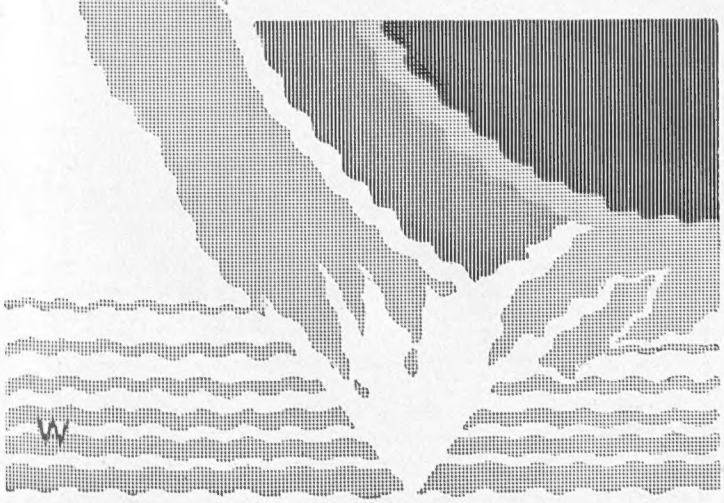

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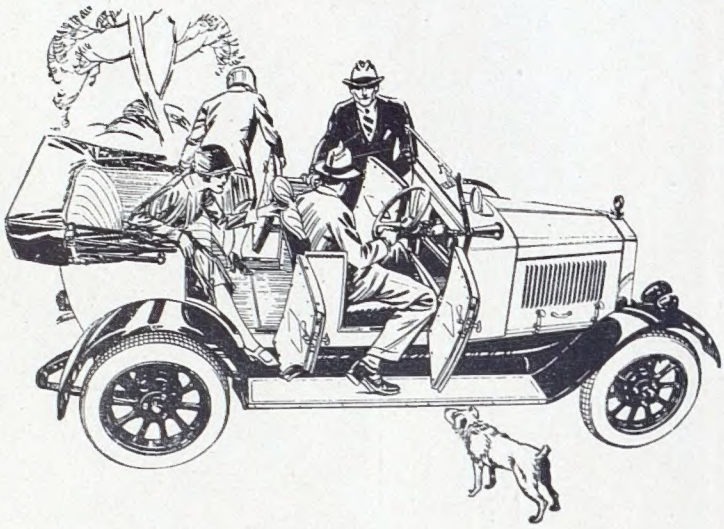

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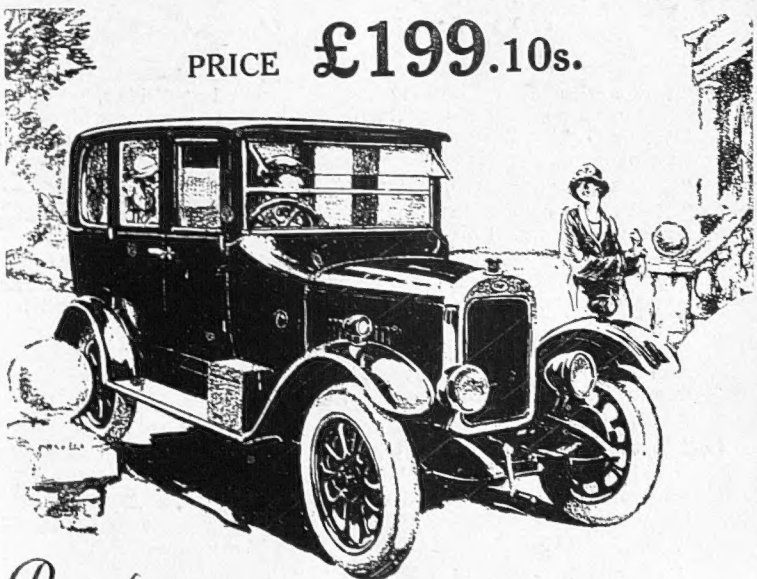

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